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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.

Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions from 1818 to the Present Time. By Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S. an. et. 82. 8vo, pp. 530. London, J. Murray.

THERE is something extremely interesting in the little contractions and figures above, "an. et. 82!" It must be a pleasure to every one acquainted with English literature during the last half century, and particularly to those most familiar with the scientific research and gallant pursuit of naval discovery, to see the name of Sir John Barrow, in his eighty-second year, attached to a work which concisely and luminously embodies the whole substance of these important expeditions, hitherto related in many large volumes. *Quorum pars magna fui*, he might well have added; for it is to his indefatigable exertions that we owe so much that is honourable in this respect to the British nation. And it is a cheering contemplation, after so long a life of distant travel and official labour, both so much calculated to exhaust the human frame, to witness the energy of fourscore and two years still strong with the dominant spirit of earlier days, and the same love of intellectual application which distinguished the writings which Sir John Barrow first published to the world. We believe there is nothing more conducive to longevity than the healthy tone of mind which pertains to the true devotee in the literary cause. There is toil enough perhaps, but "the labour we delight in physics pain;" there are the wear and tear incident to all mental effort; but if the disposition be well tempered, as it ought to be, by such occupation, the loss will not be so great in proportion as in less elevating employment. What a retreat from cares and sorrows is the library of the man of letters! How does its refreshing air relieve him from the troubled atmosphere without, and his soul calm down to happier thoughts when he communes with the high philosophy of immortal pens, or even relaxes with the refined, the fanciful, the witty, or the humorous! The irritability of genius is a commonplace old saw. It is not the *real* in genius that is tetchy and wayward, though that may be leavened with its human infirmities; it is from the ordinary and lower ranks, *pretending to genius*, that the axiom has been drawn and passed into a false proverb. It is the Little, not the Great in literature who are captious, jealous, envious, ill-natured. It is a gross and contradictory libel upon an enlarging and ennobling study to say that its expansion contracts and its elevation lowers our powers or limits our enjoyments. On the contrary, the right heart will go with the right head; and the estimable gentleman whose title-page has betrayed us into these reflections, is a striking example of the fact. The love of literature—literature properly cultivated—and the sense and feeling which must spring up as a natural and inevitable consequence, are the parents of serenity within and of kindness towards all without—the best of Parr's pills that ever were invented!

A preface briefly explains the author's design, and an introduction reveals the reasons for renewing the search for a northwest passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. We then begin with Sir John Ross's voyage, always scouted in the *Literary Gazette*, and with every criticism that journal uttered fully confirmed by this memoir. But as it seems that misfortune has overtaken the folly and charlatanism in question, we abstain from

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the comment we had marked to make before we learnt this pitiable conclusion. Proceeding in order of date, we have in succession well-abbreviated accounts of the expedition under Captain David Buchan, Parry's first, Clavering and Sabine's to Spitzbergen, Parry's second, Captain Lyon's, Parry's third, Parry's fourth, Franklin and Richardson's first and second journeys, Back's journey, Back's voyage, and finally, John Ross's second speculative trip in a merchant-vessel. Upon all these Sir John Barrow offers just and able notes, which teach us to appreciate the skill and conduct of the brave and enterprising men engaged in these arduous undertakings, and to form a complete idea of what they suffered and have achieved. It is a page of which their country may well be proud; and the volume which thus records their exploits, their perseverance, their hardships, and their endurance, is one which cannot be too highly prized throughout the length and breadth of the British empire.

Notwithstanding and nevertheless, there is nothing of novelty presented to us for extract and illustration in these interesting statements; and we must go to the last miscellaneous chapter for our customary routine. Here Sir John Ross and Sir Felix Boothby, and the House of Commons' Committee of Inquiry cut a very curious figure. It is only the geographical results, however, that concern us, after the explanation we have given at the commencement of the notice.

"By the end of September (observes our author) the Victory reached a harbour on the south-east corner of the land which she had been coasting, and to which, out of gratitude, Ross gave the name of Boothia; but the northern part of this coast, for about a hundred miles, had been named, by Captain Parry, North Somerset, and it was about two hundred more to the harbour, to which was given the name of Felix, and here the Victory was frozen up for the winter, and remained fast bound up just twelve months. This is all stated before the committee, a portion of whose proceedings follows. But, in the first place, it may be right to point out that the committee, in their report, have been grossly misled in stating, among the great public services which Ross has performed, 'the demonstration that one passage, which had been considered by preceding navigators to be one of the most likely to lead from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, does not exist.' Now, what was this demonstration? They had asked him if he conceived he had ascertained the fact, that no practicable communication existed between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean? and he replies, 'Positively to the southward of the 74th degree;' and he further takes occasion to tell them, 'We established Leopold's Island to be the north-east point of America;'—in other words, no communication exists between the western and the eastern seas to the southward of that point; and his demonstration, or positive proof, is thus brought out: Captain Ross examined: 'Did you observe the difference in the altitude of the two seas east and west of Boothia Felix? Yes.—What was the difference? The difference is thirteen feet.—Upon the supposition that the land is continuous northward from the 74th degree to the Pole, should you expect to find that difference of altitude in the seas? I should certainly, from the *rotative* motion of the earth.'

"The learned member who put these questions seems not to have been satisfied with the replies which he had received from Captain Ross, for on a third examination he returns to the charge:

'You stated, among the other reasons you gave, that there was no north-west passage practicable; that there was a difference in the altitude of the two seas east and west of the isthmus which unites Boothia with the continent of America? Yes; I was the only officer there: Commander Ross had no opportunity of ascertaining it; it was while he was on other services: it was when I went with the provisions to him I ascertained that; in two years, in June, 1830, and the end of May, 1831.—The observations made at two different times both led you to the same result? Yes.—Have you any doubt upon that? Not at all; I measured it with the theodolite in the usual way: the process becomes very simple, and incapable of error to those who understand it.—There is a difference, is there not, in the altitude of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans on the east and west sides of the isthmus of Darien? I have heard there is, and the Red Sea and the Mediterranean also; there is eight feet rise and fall of tide on those isthmuses, and only fourteen inches on the west side; I tried that at the time; I broke a hole in the ice for the purpose.' Captain Ross must here have been sadly bewildered, which caused him to talk unintelligible nonsense. The member who put the question did not ask for explanation, but for a simple fact. He appeared, indeed, to be himself somewhat in the dark. Had he consulted his Arrowsmith, he would have found that the isthmus of Darien has neither east nor west sides, they are north and south. Those isthmuses in the Red Sea and Mediterranean are utterly unintelligible; and those of Boothia and Darien are calculated to put one in mind of the rivers of Monmouth and Macedon. There is an isthmus of Darien and an isthmus of Boothia, 'and there is thirteen feet water at both;' the thirteen feet appears very much to have been borrowed from Mr. Lloyd's 'Darien.' The examiner would seem not yet to have been satisfied with the process of the theodolite and the hole in the ice; he should have inquired what was the result of the hole; did it, like one of the Geysers of Iceland, throw up a jet of thirteen feet, not of hot, but salt water?

"Commander James Ross was asked, 'Are you aware of the fact that the two seas right and left of the isthmus which connects Boothia with the continent of America are of different altitudes? No, I am not; nor had we the means of ascertaining the fact with accuracy; it would take at least two or three months to ascertain it with the accuracy such an observation would require.—You have no reason to suppose such a thing? None whatever. No; I never heard of it till this moment.—Has Captain Ross never told you that he had ascertained that to be the fact? Captain Ross may have made observations which have satisfied his mind; but I doubt whether he can have made observations that would satisfy the minds of those who may investigate the matter.' So much for Captain Ross's 'demonstration' of the water-built wall thirteen feet high, extending from Boothia to the North Pole, and his joining Boothia to North America; yet he satisfied the committee, as appears by their report, that a passage south of Boothia does not exist. But the committee and Ross also shall be satisfied, before this chapter closes, that not only is there no such junction, but that they are completely divided by a navigable strait, ten miles wide, and upwards, leading past Back's Estuary and into the Gulf, of which the proper name is Akkolee, not Boothia; and, more over, that the two seas flow as freely into each

other as Lancaster Sound does into the Polar Sea, and are of course on the same level."

This is demonstrated; and we only copy a paragraph or two, doing justice to that noble character which has since asserted itself so splendidly in the southern seas.

"Nothing further (says Sir John Barrow) needs be said on Captain Ross's opinions regarding a north-west passage; but as Commander James Ross is the officer who did all that was done, or could be done, and appears not to have been treated on this committee as he ought to have been, it may be proper to state, briefly, an outline of what he did on this voyage, in addition to what has been said of him at the conclusion of Parry's 'Polar Voyage.' * * * It must be considered most ungenerous on the part of Captain Ross to detract, as he does in his examination, from the merit of his nephew, who alone deserves the credit of having fixed the point, as near as is capable of being done, of the western magnetic pole. In his answers to the committee he never once considers Commander Ross as the sole discoverer; but would make it appear that every thing was done in his presence, and with his co-operation: thus, for instance, he says, 'we were in a position where the compass had no power of traversing—by continuing our observations we arrived at the spot—we passed round it—whichever way we passed it, as we passed round it, the compass turned towards it horizontally.' The truth, however, was elicited at last. 'How near were you yourself to the point of the magnetic pole?' 'I suppose I was within forty miles.' And this, then, must have been the distance at which we were walking round it. The committee might have had the sagacity of asking him how long it took him in walking round the circuit of one hundred and twenty miles? They did ask him another kind of question: 'Within what area do you conceive you have reduced the situation of it?' 'One mile.' The same question being put to Captain Beaufort, he replies, 'There can be no specific or precise point to fix the situation of the magnetic pole, within a degree or half a degree.'"

After quoting the account of Sir John Ross, his wonderful doings and prodigious rewards, from Dodd's *Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, &c.*, our author apostrophises:

"Franklin, Parry, James Ross, and Richardson, be contented with your simple knighthood, assured that you have no occasion to covet any of the numerous honours and *et-ceteras* carefully registered in Mr. Dodd's list, and knowing that your merits are enrolled elsewhere. The result of all the nonsense about isthmuses, theodolites, and holes in the ice, and the absurdities to which they gave rise, have been completely quashed by the persevering and energetic labours of Messrs. Dease and Simpson, two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company: their extensive discoveries are contained in a small volume which carries with it the stamp of truth and modesty. These gentlemen have surveyed the remainder of the western part of the coast, left by Franklin, from his Return Reef to Cape Barrow; again, from Point Turnagain to the eastward as far as the Gulf of Akkolee. * * * Their account of the whole line of the Polar Sea coast of North America, from Icy Cape to the Gulf of Akkolee, is well worth perusing—but it is time that the present volume should draw to its close. The annexed small chart contains the combined discoveries of Ross, Simpson, and Back, on that portion of the north coast of America, opposite to, but divided from, the southern part of the island of Boothia (itself a portion only of North Somerset), which united must now take their place among the numerous clusters that crowd the eastern part of the Polar Sea, some of them to a distance northerly yet unknown. It will be seen by the chart that Sir James Ross thinks it not improbable, since the discovery of the land seen by Simpson, and marked on the chart Captain James Ross's Point, that the vacant dotted space between Point Scott and

Cleft Mountain may be land, as he has marked it; and also that the space between Cape Smyth and Point Scott may be a wide channel opening into the lower part of Prince Regent's Inlet: should this be so, it will form the continuation of his own strait, through which not only a single ship and boats, but whole fleets, may pass. At the same time it must be admitted that conjectural geography is never safe; the direction of a coast-line or the course of a river can only be known, and then imperfectly, to the distance of the furthest point of sight; to arrive at correctness they must be traced. The object of this miscellaneous chapter, with the small chart, is to point out distinctly and to correct the erroneous impression which the report of a select committee of the House of Commons is calculated to convey, founded on the most absurd nonsense, given in evidence before the committee, especially that part of it from which a conclusion is drawn, that a passage does not exist between the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet and the Polar Sea, which has since been proved to be wholly incorrect."

The following are a few varieties:

"Great Britain has seldom neglected to pay a tribute to the memory of men who have distinguished themselves by their zeal for the promotion of science and the arts; to which end Sir Joseph Banks has largely contributed personally and by his purse; yet not even a biographical sketch that I know of has been published. Let Sir Edward Knatchbull and the person to whom he gave the materials look to this. * * *

"Pilkington had the impertinence to call Baffin an impostor, but all that was ever known and published of Baffin's discoveries have been preserved."

"The word [downright] reminds one of a very significant *sobriquet* on Admiral Sir James Saumarez, Flag-Captain Sir George Hope, and the ship's captain Dumaresq—the three designated as up-right, down-right, and never-right."

RUSSIAN GEOLOGY.

The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. By R. I. Murchison, E. de Verneuil, and Count A. von Keyserling. 2 vols. 4to. Murray. **WHATEVER** may be the Czar's political failings, men of science owe him many debts of gratitude; nor is the smallest that due to him for the share his patronage has had in the production of this invaluable work. It is one of the most important contributions ever made to descriptive geology. The energy and comprehension of the founder of the silurian system are conspicuous throughout its pages. The vigour and ubiquity of the Emperor of all the Russias is repeated in our great English geologist. Each moves with railroad celerity when an important question is to be decided; and the Autocrat stifles a papal bull in Rome as speedily as Mr. Murchison excavates a *Bos Auroids* in the Ural: each is despotic over his own subjects. As the Czar sends his Poles to Caucasus, and his Papists to Siberia—so does the geologist transport his ichthyolites to Switzerland, and his mollusks to Paris. The Poles go to be beaten by Schamyl—the ichthyolites to be hammered by Agassiz: the Papists to be converted by Greek patriarchs—the mollusks to be christened by French palaeontologists.

A work in the shape of two portly quartos is a rare sight now-a-days; and two quartos brimful of new, important, and thoroughly elaborated information, was a rare sight at any time. The first of these volumes is devoted to the geology, the second to the palaeontology, of Russia. The unwearied research and happy generalisation of Mr. Murchison mark the former; the patient and critical inquiry and accurate diagnoses of M. de Verneuil and his colleagues, give the character to the latter. Each is admirable in its way, but the first volume is that of most popular interest. The palaeozoic rocks of Russia are first passed in review, and a great mass of new matter added to the history of the silurian system—added, too, by its own parent.

We are here informed respecting the base of these oldest of sedimentary deposits, and of the peculiar conditions under which they appear in European Russia—not good, strong, solid, and hammerable rocks, such as English geologists are familiar with, but soft, shaly, sandy, and clay-like undisturbed beds, which a novice might mistake for tertiary, did not the contained fossils proclaim their ancient origin. The end of the palaeozoic period, too, in the Czar's dominions, appears in as interesting a form as the beginning; for here, in the government of Perm, is the great development and type of that system which Mr. Murchison has denominated the Permian, remarkable as having been formed during the epoch in which saurian-reptiles appear to have made their *début*. "This striking fact, which is parallel, if we may so speak, with the annihilation of trilobites, indicates the incessant action of that law of improvement and partial alteration in the animal kingdom, the effects of which are slow and successive, and appear to be often independent (especially so, indeed, in Russia) of those great physical mutations which have affected the surface of the planet." In England the magnesian limestone belongs to this formation.

"The results of the inquiries of the botanist are completely in accordance with those of the palaeontologist. They clearly prove that the Permian system is the uppermost stage of that long palaeozoic series, which, commencing with the lowest silurian rocks, presents a connected succession of animal and vegetable life, the last traces of which passed away with the termination of the strata under review. Until Russia was explored, this upper member of these ancient rocks had scarcely afforded a trace of terrestrial plants. Neither in the British Isles nor in Germany had there been found more than one or two species of land plants in deposits of this age, no one of which has yet been fully identified or described. Now in reference to our Russian species, such of them as had been previously alluded to by other writers, were placed by some in the carboniferous rocks, by others in the new red sandstone. Our sections, however, have shown that neither of these views is correct; and as the Russian plants to which we have called attention occur for the most part in strata distinctly *overlying* beds containing the fossils of the zechstein, it is clear that certain red sandstones, marls, and conglomerates, above that rock, belong to our Permian group, are wholly distinct from the trias, and are truly palaeozoic. We repeat, therefore, that we have now adduced ample botanical as well as zoological and stratigraphical evidence to vindicate the application of the collective word Permian to a succession of strata which had not been previously united through their geological relations and organic contents. These proofs will, we trust, be considered as still more strongly borne out by the grandeur of the phenomena to which we have appealed; for the Permian deposits of Russia repose upon carboniferous strata throughout more than two-thirds of a basin which has a circumference of not less than 4000 English miles."

The later geological formations of Russia are as interesting as the earlier. It appears that the present Caspian and other inland seas and lakes of the Aralo-Caspian country are relics of a great eastern Mediterranean, a vast interior sea of brackish water, which has left behind deposits of great extent, characterised by peculiar and uniform fossils, a few of which are identical with animals now living in the Caspian and Aral. This fact, and their position, overlying strata of miocene age, would place these deposits as equivalents of pliocene and post-pliocene beds. Well may the author say that the former existence of such a sea "cannot fail to be regarded as one of the most singular features in the ancient condition of the surface of the globe which modern researches have brought to light." By the progressive elevation of its bed, this great ancient Caspian appears to have gradually undergone diminution. During its latest

stages, the adjacent lands were inhabited by the mammoth.

The chapters in which the geological structure of the Ural Mountains is described are among the most interesting; concerning, as they do, the history of the great mountain-barrier separating Europe from Asia, and forming the distinguishing central feature of a grand meridian elevation, having a length of nearly 30 degrees of latitude. To clear up the geology of this most important range was a task of no small difficulty. What had been already done, and what remained to be done, is thus concisely stated:

"Though the Ural Mountains have been examined during more than a century and a quarter, and although many of their rocks and minerals have been described by men of science, their true geological structure has not yet been sufficiently explained. This statement should not, however, excite surprise. Considering the short space which has elapsed since the conquest of Siberia, and up to how recent a time these mountain tracts remained in a state of impenetrable forest, inhabited by idolatrous Voguls and Ostiaks upon the north, and Mahomedan Bashkirs on the south, we ought rather to feel astonishment at the rate with which the region has been cleared and civilised through the introduction of European manners and mining industry. When Peter the Great, with a keen perception of the surest methods of advancing his empire, selected the first Demidoff, to explore the iron ores of these mountains, he laid the foundation of the great native mineral wealth, which now so conspicuously distinguishes Russia from all the surrounding nations. The earliest mining establishments or zavods planted by that great sovereign are still the centres of activity, and have served as models after which numerous other works have been formed, both by the government and private speculators. In the days of Pallas, geology was so little understood (a few gold-mines only being known, and a great portion of the country unreclaimed), that the descriptions of the great naturalist are chiefly to be viewed as vivid portraits of living nature. As such, indeed, his observations have well stood the test of time, and small gleanings only have remained for those who followed him. Since that time, the Russian miners, learning their first lesson from foreigners, have become a well-informed class, independent of extraneous aid, and their directors (officers of the Imperial School of Mines) have described the lithological and mineral characters of the country, around their respective posts, with great fidelity. Some of these works, to which we shall hereafter allude, are illustrated by maps; and for a further acquaintance with them, we request our readers to consult the instructive volumes of the Mining Corps. Among these authors they will not fail to distinguish Colonel Helmersen, for his determination of the chief heights, for his graphic sketch of the general features of the mountain range, as contrasted with the remote Altai, and for many geological and lithological distinctions, made in conjunction with his associate Professor Hoffman. In our own day, Humboldt, however, is the individual who has given a cosmical importance to this chain, by shewing how, in common with other mountains which have what he terms a *meridian* direction, it possesses auriferous and peculiar metalliferous characters. By his comprehensive general views, the illustrious traveller and his enlightened companion, Mr. G. Rose, have also gone far towards rendering the task of geologists both light and easy, for they have clearly indicated the principal forms of a large portion of these mountains, the direct dependence of the metamorphism and mineralisation of sedimentary masses upon the intrusion of plutonic matter, and have acquainted us minutely with the nature of the crystalline rocks and simple minerals of the chain. Again, judging from organic remains sent to him by the Russian authorities, or brought back by Baron Humboldt and his associates, M. von Buch had asserted the existence of silurian and

carboniferous rocks in the Ural. After such results, what then, it may be asked, remained to be accomplished? We answer—To identify the broken masses of those mountains with their types in other countries—to compare them with deposits in the plains of Russia, whose age we had determined—and to produce, if practicable, a general geological view and map of the whole chain."

All who are acquainted with the energy and determination of our geologists, know also that these three tasks were problems not likely to be left unsolved. For their solution we must refer to those chapters of this great work in which the structure of the Ural is detailed. But there is one part of the history of the Ural Mountains which has a more than geological interest—that which treats of their relation to the most precious of metals. For it would appear that this region is a Russian *El Dorado*, rich in gold and platinum, and promising in diamonds. An emperor may well dispense snuff-boxes, when by digging the rubbish in the hollows of his mountains, lumps of solid gold, many pounds in weight, are turned up. In 1843, one was found weighing no less than seventy-eight English pounds! The source of such treasures, and their geological history, becomes not merely an interesting, but an important subject of inquiry—one to which the researches of the authors have yielded a full and satisfactory answer.

"The general feature of the great mass of auriferous materials being invariably found on the eastern flank of the chain, coupled with their almost total absence on its western slopes, has been already dwelt upon by Humboldt, who has shewn, that in relation to the other geological phenomena the formation of gold-veins is of comparatively recent date, and little, if at all, anterior to the destruction of the mammoths. Having ourselves arrived at the same conclusion, we must explain the evidences which have led us to adopt this view, because in one material geological point they are independent of the reasons which influenced our great precursor. This point consists in developing the geographical changes which the region has undergone in former geological epochs, and by deducing from their results that the auriferous phenomenon must have been posterior to all such early conditions. In the first part of this work we have endeavoured to establish, that the widely-spread cupriferous deposits of Permian, which occupy all the low country to the west of these mountains, have been derived from pre-existing eastern lands, upon which the plants and vegetables enclosed in the Permian conglomerates must have grown. Judging from its composition—it is entirely made up of fragments of ancient Uralian rocks—the great Permian deposit must have been accumulated, not only after the completion of the silurian, devonian, and carboniferous systems, but after their consolidation, and either after or during their mineralisation with copper-ores. This is a clear and undeniable conclusion, at which the field-geologist who has examined this region arrives; for, in whatever parallel of latitude he may trace this ancient detritus, he invariably finds it to be more coarse and metalliferous as it approaches the mountains from which its materials have been derived, whilst in receding from them, such mineral matter (always in the form of deposit, and never in the condition of veins) as regularly dies away and is lost in marine marls, sands, and limestone. But if the Ural Mountains were, as we contend they must have been, the source whence all these cupriferous sediments, as well as detritus and fossil vegetables were supplied, very different indeed must have been their former outline from that which now prevails; for on the western slope of the axis down which the waters now flow into Permian, there are no great veinstones and original sources from which such debris could have been derived. All the spots where the largest veins, masses, and original centres of copper-ore occur, whether at Bogoslofsk, Nijny Tagilsk, Gumeshefsk, and Polofsk, south of Miask, or other and intermediate places,

are on the eastern side of the chief ridge. Supposing that these mines were in the process of forming, or having been formed, were undergoing destruction, during an era in which the land had assumed its present outline, almost every cupriferous particle and drop of water impregnated with or transporting such mineral matter must have descended into the adjacent low country of Siberia. By no natural agency could any considerable quantity of such coarse materials be now carried to the low countries on the west, between which and all the great copper sources which are known lies the ridge of the Ural. Now, as all the cupriferous detritus has been carried to the western flank of the mountains, and not a particle of it into the low country of Siberia, it follows that by far the greatest variation in physical outline which the region has undergone—one by which a lofty wall was thrown up between Permian and the original copper sites of the Ural—took place at a period posterior to the formation of the Permian deposits."

When the region of Permian was submerged beneath the sea, and the Permian deposits were in process of formation, the Ural Mountains formed the rocky shore of a low continent, from which powerful streams poured into a western sea. That old continent contained iron and copper, but neither gold nor platinum; for traces of those metals have never been found in the Permian debris. In rocks still older—such as the carboniferous conglomerates—there is no trace of gold; nor in rocks far younger, such as certain tertiary grits. From these, and other reasons equally strong, Mr. Murchison concludes that the Ural chain became auriferous during the most recent disturbances by which it was affected, when its highest peaks were thrown up, the present water-shed established, and the syenitic granites, and other comparatively recent igneous rocks, erupted along its eastern slopes; in short, that gold was one of the most recent mineral productions anterior to the historic era, and coeval with mammoths and rhinoceroses. Their bones are seldom detected out of the line of the gold-works; and the Bashkirs regard them with superstitious respect, saying to the Russian miners, "Take from us our gold if you will; but, for God's sake, leave us the bones of our ancestors." Along with these gigantic quadrupeds are found the remains of the *Bos Urus*, now the only survivor of this ancient fauna. We may shortly expect a specimen of this distinguished and venerable ox, as appears from the following paragraph:

"Notwithstanding the deep interest attached to the *Bos Aurochs*, which may, we suppose, prove to be the only existing remnant of the great quadrupeds of former days, there does not exist a single skeleton or stuffed specimen of the species either in France or the British Isles. As far as England is concerned, this reproach is about to be removed through the munificence of the Emperor Nicholas, who, at the request of Mr. Murchison (graciously supported by his imperial highness the Grand Duke Michael) has directed that a fine animal, selected from the unique herd now living in the forest called Bialavieja, should be killed, and his skin and skeleton sent to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. It may not be known, that without a stringent ukase to prohibit its annihilation, the peasantry of Lithuania would long ago have exterminated this noble species. Though we have been led to believe in the specific identity of this Lithuanian Aurochs with the extinct *Urus* (*Urus prisus* of Bojanus and V. Meyer), that opinion is not generally admitted. But we may hope that the question will be set at rest, as soon as Professor Owen has the means of testing it. If the living Aurochs be the real descendant of the great fossil animal, it might, judging from the usual difference of size, be considered to have degenerated; though in the museum at Warsaw, where we have seen three specimens which are there preserved, one of them is nearly double the size of the other two. We ourselves procured a very remarkable front and horns of the *Bos Aurochs*, found in the gravel west of

Perm with mammoths' teeth, and M. Hommaire de Hell also found a fine head of the same in the steppes between the Sea of Azof and the Caspian."

To all who are interested in glaciers, icebergs, boulders, moraines, scratches, and drift, the concluding chapters of the first volume will afford abundant matter for deep study. Important and original views are developed in them; and, on the whole, they form by far the most sensible comment yet presented on the much-agitated questions respecting the post-pliocene period. The authors, in the course of their researches into this perplexing subject, have not only demolished several popular theories, but have also literally *smashed* a miracle. "The shrine of St. Procopius in the cathedral church of Usting is in high reputation with the natives, because, about 300 years ago, that holy man is said to have saved Usting from being destroyed by a shower of *aérolites* which fell from heaven. Our mineralogical curiosity was roused; and, unseen, we contrived to chip off a small fragment from the block, which, from its blackened and polished external aspect (due to long adoration and the smoke of incense), might really have passed for an *aérolite*, when it proved to be a true granitic northern boulder. So much for the legend and St. Procopius."

Before concluding, we would notice two points, one of which confers the highest honour on the potentate under whose auspices these researches were conducted, and the other on the distinguished authors of the volumes before us. Every means and facility of observation appears to have been placed at the disposal of the geologists by the emperor, who seems fully to have appreciated the importance of their mission. They, on the other hand, have done justice to the reception they met in Russia, and have also as fully acknowledged the labours of their predecessors and contemporaries, and the assistance they may have derived from scientific friends.

POETRY.—CENTO.

The New Timon. Part III. H. Colburn.

DISPLAYING the same degree of talent as heretofore, this continuation rather flags somewhat in interest, from refining at considerable length on metaphysical love abstractions. It breaks off, however, at a point of deep tragic interest in the story, which causes us to look for the *dénouement* with as much impatience as the writer could desire. The following passages are all we incline to select from the present Part:

"Oh, leave not told but guess'd;
Is love a god?—a temple, then, the breast!
Not to the crowd in cold detail allow
Its delicate worship, its mysterious vow!
Around the first sweet homage in the shrine
Let the veil fall, and but the pure divine!
Coy as the violet shrinking from the sun,
The blush of virgin youth first wou'd and won;
And scarce less holy from the vulgar ear
The tone that trembles but with noble fear:
Near to God's throne the solemn stars that move
The proud to meekness, and the pure to love!

Let days pass on; nor count how many swell
The episode of life's hack chronicle!
Changed the abode, of late so stern and drear,
How doth the change speak?—'Love hath entered here!
How lightly sounds the footfall on the floor!
How jocund rings sweet laughter, hush'd no more!
Wide from two hearts made happy, wide and far,
Circles the light in which they breathe and are!
Liberal as noontide's streams the ambient ray,
And fills each crevice in the world with day!

And changed is Lucy! where the downcast eye,
And the meek fear, when that dark man was by?
Lo! as young Una thrall'd the forest-king,
She leads the savage in her silken string;
Plays with the strength to her in service shewn,
And mounts with infant whim the woman's throne!
Charm'd from his lonely moods and brooding mind,
And bound by one to union with his kind,
No more the wild man thirsted for the waste;
No more, mid joy, a joyless one, misplaced;
His very form assumed unwonted grace,
And bliss gave more than beauty to his face:
Let but delighted thought from all things cull
Sweet food and fair—biv'ring the beautiful,
And lo! the form shall brighten with the soul!
The gods bloom only by joy's nectar bow!

Bright as Apollo, when his toils were done,
Shone in heaven's court Alcmena's rugged son,
But not till Hebe, the ambrosial bride,
Poured to the parched lips the immortal golden tide!"

When the melancholy Calantha dies, and Lord Arden is charged by her dark brother as her murderer, the following is a forcible and poetic picture:

"Brave was Lord Arden—brave as ever be
Thor's northern sons—the island chivalry;
But in that hour strange terror froze his blood,
Those fierce eyes mark'd him shiver as he stood;
But oh, more awful than the living foe
That frown'd beside—the dead that smiled below!
That smile which greets the shadow-peopled shore,
Which says to sorrow—'Thou canst wound no more!'—
Which says to love that would rejoice—'Await!'—
That says to wrong that would redeem—'Too late!'—
That lingering halo of our closing skies—
Cold with the sunset never more to rise!"

Tales from Boccaccio, with Modern Illustrations and other Poems. 12mo, pp. 57. R. Bentley.

CLEVER, satirical, biting, personal—these elements must, if such elements should, recommend this volume; for it is not in our power to do aught but condemn the licentiousness, both in thought and language, which neither the good taste nor the moral feeling of our day can recognise as fit for the general eye. There may be affectation, fastidiousness, and even hypocrisy, charged against this condition of the public mind; but the couplet is as true as trite—

"Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense."

ANCIENT ORIENTAL TRAVELS.

Relation des Voyages, &c. Narrative of the Voyages made by the Arabs and Persians into India and China in the Ninth Century of the Christian Era. The Arab text printed in 1811, by the late M. Langlès; and now published, with Corrections and Additions, and accompanied by a Translation in the French Language and Notes, by M. Reinaud, Member of the Institute. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris, 1845.

THE history of the Arab text, upon which this account of Arabian commerce with the East has been founded, is curious. In the year 1718, M. Renaudot published a volume entitled *Anciennes Relations des Indes et de la Chine, de deux Voyageurs Mahométans qui y allèrent dans le Neuvième Siècle de notre Ère*.

The narrative of the two Arab travellers threw quite a new light upon the commercial relations which existed in the ninth century between the coasts of Egypt, of Arabia, and of the littoral countries of the Persian Gulf on the one hand, and the vast territories of India and China on the other. M. Renaudot having omitted, however, to give precise information as to where the manuscript was to be found from which he had derived this narrative, it was set down as an invention, till the year 1764, when the celebrated Deguignes discovered the ms. in the Bibliothèque Royale. In 1811, the late M. Langlès had the present text printed, which M. Reinaud has now accompanied with notes and a translation.

M. Reinaud does not consider this work, as M. Renaudot did, to be the narrative of two Arabian travellers, but as compiled from information derived from all the chief merchants and travellers of the time; the compiler being a certain Abu Zryd Hassan, a native of Syra, which was then the great port at the head of the Persian Gulf. The chief narrative, which serves as a basis to that of the other merchants, is that of one Sulayman, who travelled about A.D. 851; an epoch when the commercial relations of the empire of the Khalifs of Baghdad with India and China attained their greatest activity.

M. Reinaud, taking further into consideration the different existing texts of the traveller called Sindebad [Sindbad the Sailor, of our romances], who is supposed by some to have lived in the times of the Khalif Harun al Raschid, but by others is referred to the Asacide Persian dynasty (but to whom he on no consideration will allow an Indian origin, as has been advocated by some

English scholars), asserts that the narrative of Sindebad agrees in its main points with that of the merchants Sulayman and Abu Zayd. It further appears that portions of both these relations are to be met with in two different works of the celebrated Massudi, in his *Muruj-al-Zahab*, or "Golden Meadows," and his *Kitab al-Ajayib*, or "Book of Wonders," copies of which exist under various titles in the Royal Library of Paris. M. Reinaud has preserved to the narrative the title which prefaces it in the original ms., and which is that of "The Chain of Chronicles;" but he says that the real title ought to be that which prefaces the second portion, "Observations upon China and India."

It is impossible, within the limits of a brief sketch of this valuable little book, to enter into all the important geographical sites which it brings into notice as flourishing in the East in the palmy days of the Khalifs of Baghdad. They are now gone by, as those which preceded them had also disappeared; but the knowledge of the then existence of rich and powerful commercial sites, more especially upon the Indus, ought to have its weight with the modern colonists of that promising valley. True, that these riches and distinctions emanated from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; and this ought to be further treasured up, as attesting the political and commercial importance of those great rivers under each successive dynasty, Babylonian, Macedonian, Persian, Arab, and Turk, and to which Great Britain now so resolutely closes its eyes.

There is a curious account in these Chronicles, of an interview between an Arab of the holy tribe of the Kuraysh and the Emperor of China: a narrative which is also contained in Massudi. The emperor said, "We count five great sovereigns. The most powerful is he who reigns in Irak, because Irak is situated in the centre of the world, and all the other kings reign around it. After that empire comes ours, the sovereign of which is surnamed the king of men. After that comes the king of wild beasts, who is the king of the Turks. The fourth king is the king of elephants, that is to say, the king of India: he is also called the king of wisdom. Lastly comes the king of the handsome men, that is, the king of the Romans."

If such an interview as is here alluded to ever did take place, which is more than doubtful, it is quite evident that the succession as given by the Arab was made to suit the pride of his countrymen. The emperor afterwards shewed to the Arab portraits of the apostles. Noah and his ark came first, upon which the emperor remarked that the deluge was not universal, and that it did not affect India or China. On seeing the next portrait, the Arab exclaimed, "There is Moses and his stick, with the children of Israel;" the emperor said, "It is true; but Moses manifested himself on a very small theatre, and his people shewed themselves to be unsettled in their feelings towards him." "I added (says the Arab), There is Jesus upon an ass, surrounded by the apostles;" the emperor said, "He had but a short time to appear on the stage. His mission lasted but a little more than thirty months."

The mode of administering justice in China is the subject of many amusing illustrations. An eunuch, who had charge of the customs, having been complained of by a merchant from Irak, on account of excessive charges, was removed by the emperor to the custody of the royal tombs. "You have served me too long," said the son of heaven, "that I should deprive you of life; but since you could not respect the interests of the living, you shall be turned over to the guardianship of the dead."

A humpback was taken before the judge for having criticised and undervalued a work that every one admired. It was a representation on silk-stuff of a sparrow resting upon an ear of wheat, and the imitation of life was deemed perfect. When asked his reasons for finding fault, humpy said that a sparrow could not rest upon an

ear of wheat without bending the stalk, which was here represented straight; and the reason was found so good, that the artist was at once non-suited.

The tale of a large pearl being found in an oyster that had captured and killed a fox by adhering to Reynard's tongue, appears here in its true Oriental guise.

In fact, the narrative of the Arabian travellers is as full of curious and amusing details as it is of more valuable facts; and the observations in natural history are as abundant and as interesting as those upon geographical matters. It is remarkable that so few books of this kind emanate from the press of our own country, which is in reality so much more interested in questions connected with the olden commerce of the East than are the French. It is, indeed, by such information that a knowledge of the resources and productions of countries is often most easily attained; and when possible, such inquiries ought always to precede actual exploration, colonisation, or conquest. The modes of communication have altered, but the capabilities of these regions remain the same; and the lessons of a by-gone commerce remain as available to actual industry and enterprise, as the lessons of history do to the wisdom and experience of home-legislation.

THE HOLY LAND.

A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wilderness of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and other principal Localities of the Holy Land, &c. By the Rev. G. Fisk, LL.B., Prebendary of Lichfield. 8vo, pp. 461. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

It is truly delightful, at a time when a most pernicious and heartless Cockneyism is invading and defiling the East, to turn to a third edition of a work which teems with historical and pious associations, and evidences in every page a mind tutored to reverence antiquity, and which is open to sympathy with the present, and pregnant with hopes for the future.

The interesting thoughts and feelings which passed through the reverend traveller's mind when, in the light of the early morning, he first beheld the waters of the ancient Nile sparkling before him, occupy here many an interesting page. So mysterious in its origin, so marvellous in its rise, and presenting in its course, as Humboldt has remarked, "an unexampled instance in the hydrographic history of the globe," the author acknowledges himself to have felt that it was no wonder that the noblest river in the old world should have been once deified and worshipped.

The most massive and the most remarkable structures in the world, which still stand to invite, even if incapable of satisfying, speculation, are also spoken of with the respect due to their wondrous origin, and the lessons they silently teach of the human pride and vanity which they have seen pass by—from the Pharaohs to Napoleon, and from Moses to the last and most self-sufficient and sneering Cockney tourist.

"The silence and solitary aspect of the desert" had "an impressive effect" upon a mind susceptible of rational impressions, and a warm heart soon opened itself to the generous qualities of the Badawins.

"The Badawin," he says, in starting from Cairo across the desert, "had already won my good opinion; and it was not long ere my heart yearned over them. So unassuming, so kindly, and so hearty were they in their bearing towards us; so ready to do any service unsolicited, and so happy when they saw that their kindness gave satisfaction. I feel now as if I could traverse the whole desert with alacrity, with a party of faithful Badawin, such as ours, for my escort. There is not a man in Europe, of whatever rank, who might not possibly be a gainer by studying and imitating much that may be discovered in the Badawin. Wild birds of the desert as they are, yet for honesty when in your service, and from temperance

and moral feeling, they put to shame, in many things, the masses of the people of England, around whom the means of moral culture are multiplied, and for whom the blaze of revelation is glowing."

As he proceeds onwards, he says: "It is quite impossible to give an idea of the effect which the desert and desert-life have upon the mind."

There is something very touching in the intercourse of the man of peace with the Arabs. On arriving at the Spring of Moses, he relates: "I was parched and thirsty; so taking a large cup in my hand, and joining my young guide, we went to the wells together. I dipped my cup and drank my draught; but the water had a saline flavour, or as if it held in solution a considerable quantity of soda (additional testimony to what has been denied by a sceptic traveller). I dipped again, and handed it to my companion. He was pleased by the civility, smiled, and laid his hand on his heart as he received it. I pointed to an oleander in bloom, which was just at hand. He instantly gathered two clusters of its beautiful flowers, and presented them to me. Destitute as he was of what we Europeans call cultivation, yet I am sure that young Arab had the good taste of a gentleman."

This pleasurable intercourse with the much maligned Arabs met with a disagreeable interruption from the Mazzani tribe, who, naturally enough, claimed their portion of the profits derived by Shaikh Sulaman for conducting the travellers in safety through their territories as well as his own. This being refused, led to the destruction of the unfortunate Shaikh; but the travellers were not in any way molested or interfered with. Arrived at Akabah, similar disputes arose among the Arabs as to right of escort across the desert by Petra to Hebron; and any one Shaikh undertaking that duty, had so many others to satisfy, that the demand became too exorbitant, and our traveller and his friends were obliged to join Lord Castlereagh and another party, and gain Bir-Sheba by the Desert of Paran. This is a state of things brought about by English travellers giving enormous sums of money for escorts, which are in reality of little, if any, use. Such things are only known in the desert from Cairo to Syria, from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, and from Damascus to Palmyra, where the English have introduced the practice, and must now abide by it. On the great desert of Arabia, and in the wildernesses of Mesopotamia, the English traveller may still travel from Shaikh to Shaikh, and ride unprotected into the heart of an Arab encampment, and have the fatted calf killed for his reception, unsolicited and unpaid for.

Having reached the borders of Canaan, Bir as Saba led the way to Hebron with its forbidden cave; Hebron to Bethlehem and the Chapel of the Nativity; and Bethlehem overlooks Jerusalem. The valley of Jehoshaphat, so "frightful" to some eyes, is described as "one of the most picturesque, and at the same time deeply interesting, scenes. There is a magnificence in its outlining which lives in the memory." It is curious how different the same spot may appear to some. But our traveller could ascend the "mount" with a humble and adoring heart, and pause a moment to shed an unaffected tear in the garden of Gethsemane.

The way home, after a pleasant visit to the Dead Sea, was by Nablus, Nazareth, and the sea of Galilee, to Acre, and thence by the sea-side to Bayrut. There is nothing new in this route; nor, indeed, does the work throughout present us with any thing pretending to novelty: the author was willing to receive facts as presented to him, upon fair and reasonable grounds; and even goes so far as to say, in regard to the tradition of our Redeemer's transfiguration having occurred on Mount Tabor, "It is difficult (is it not needless?) to question a tradition so ancient and so steadily maintained. I confess I gave my mind up to it, and felt, Surely it is 'good to be here.'" This is going further than is necessary in such inquiries, which then

become matters of faith, rather than of conviction; but the great merits of the work consist in its tone and spirit, and in the prepared and qualified state of mind in which the author visited the Holy Land.

HUMOROUS MEDICAL HOMŒOPATHY.

Confessions of an Homœopathist. Small 8vo, pp. 399. Dublin, Samuel B. Oldham.

It grieves us to see so clever a book with so repulsive a title. Who cares for the empiricism of homœopathy sufficiently to read a volume of near 400 pages of confessions? Yet who, on taking up this book, will not find himself agreeably disappointed on discovering it to be a truly clever, pleasing, and most amusing piece of autobiography? Fictitious or true, satirical or compunctional, it matters not, while the interest is so well kept up. It is the life of one who has been always duping others, and that so successfully as to end his career as the Graf von Eisenberg, lord of five chateaux and three villages. Carl Gruber, however, was born in a shingled cabin, and entered upon the world as a student in a university celebrated as the abode of Rector Magnificus von Hornblenderlande, a most distinguished geologist of Dichterwort; a deeper student of belles lettres than the immortal Goethe, and of Tuchtigschneider, who would have amputated any thing, real or imaginary.

Here a first master-stroke of audacious cunning soon placed Carl Gruber at the head of the Burschenschaft, establishing him at the same time as curator of the University Museum. The next trick played off is upon a poor little professor of French and Polish literature, which gives occasion for long and amusing descriptions of German university-life; of the files of students marshalled by their Burschen captains, with their long glittering rapiers and great jack boots; and of the Fackel Zug, or torch serenades, in which the Burschen leben form no inconsiderable figure. After successfully playing the part of an unearthly personage, Carl tries a higher flight, and resolves upon preparing himself for a Jesuit; a plan, however, which is interrupted by an affair of love and a duel, which drive him from the university to take refuge in the practice of homœopathy.

"Englishmen," says Carl Gruber, "being the persons I most desired as patients, I had assiduously cultivated the English tongue, and ingeniously contrived to be paid for my acquisition, by pretending to teach English students German, as soon as I had acquired the mere rudiments of the former." Carl's preparatory instructions were received from one who had sought the country of gulls and sovereigns, intent on a similar course of fleeing, some five years before, and had returned to play the part of a nobleman in his country. These instructions are replete with amusement. Old ladies are particularly recommended for first essays; "such being, of all others, the most easily gulled, from the simple circumstance of their thinking themselves the wisest of mortals." The assumption of a proper dress, an euphonious name, and tickling the ears with a little doubly-broken German, are also essentials. Medical men are said to be the greatest friends to the homœopathists; for, by abusing them, they are suspected of jealousy and ignorance, and lead the patient, in imaginary wisdom, to investigate for himself, and he is thus induced to walk fifteen miles a day upon the effects of the one ten-thousandth part of a grain of common salt, and thus procures that appetite and sleep which the jealous rival of the homœopathists failed to procure for him. Nervous and hypochondriac cases are mentioned as the best for homœopathic practice. "They pay best; and being quite incurable by medicine only, are those which are least grudged to us by the Regulars. Treatment—diet as different as possible from whatever they have been taking before, abundant exercise, with from thirty to forty globules per diem. These must be changed every three days, in order to secure the attendance of the patients, and the con-

sequent reception of their fees. To such persons you cannot be too liberal of your promises of health; but never omit stating, that recovery will be tedious."

"All the common complaints incident to females are profitable, and easily cured: persons afflicted with such are never satisfied with their regular physician, except he is constantly dosing them even against his better judgment. They will do for you what they will not do for him; namely, exercise freely, and take proper food, get up early, go to bed in time, and refrain from undressing themselves to go to parties at midnight. Globules and attenuations must be given in frequent doses, otherwise recovery might be attributed to your rational treatment. This must never be permitted: the exercise, diet, and all other means, must be made secondary to the globules. The distinction between the Regular and you, in such cases, consists in this: That he is required to cure by medicine alone, and nothing further will be submitted to from him; whereas you will have perfect command over the actions, diet—nay, from the frequency of administering your medicines, over the very thoughts—of your patient. Hence your success!"

"Fever is a little hazardous, yet you should not refuse them; for all sensible writers on this subject acknowledge that the less done in fever the better, and that suits admirably with our practice. Nine cases out of ten will get well spontaneously. Well, in those nine you and your globules get all the credit: if you see the tenth likely to die, immediately apologise for not being able to attend on account of your home practice. The patient dies, but not in your hands; some regular physician is called in, says all is wrong, and adopting his own practice, has the felicity of performing the last ceremony; and having maligned you, follows the example of the patient, and departs."

Following such sage advice, of which a great deal more of a similar character is given, our homœopathist sets up in business in Manchester, where he at first succeeds miraculously, till he meets with a check in a certain Smith Smithson, to whom he causes the loss of a limb and of an only daughter. In his own country the Manchester gold, however, procures a title and a noble wife; and the Carl becomes intimate with certain Englishmen, who play a more serious part in the tale; but he is still persecuted by Smith Smithson, who only forgives him from the remorse and contrition shewn on his death-bed. The whole work, which displays much varied talent, bears strong internal evidence of having been originally concocted in *das Deutsche vaterland*.

CAPTAIN KEPPEL'S BORNEO, &c.

[Second notice.]

In continuing our review of this work we need not farther insist upon its novelty in many respects, and its importance in all. It brings us acquainted with the aborigines and other inhabitants of a vast island, and immeasurably rich in mineral and vegetable wealth; and only retarded in the race of civilisation by the forces of tyranny and piracy. Now, however, that Mr. Brooke has shewn the way to acquire an ascendant influence over the native population, and Captain Keppel how to root out piratical violence, it is not too much to expect that the foundations are laid for the speedy, the immediate, reconstruction of this portion of the earth, and the making it a component part of the peaceful and productive family of nations. The oppression of the Pangerans and other rulers curbed—Malay murder and robbery decidedly quelled—safety and freedom on the sea, and security and justice on the land, firmly established—we shall see trade pour in from the mysterious and hermetically sealed interior, and commerce spread her sails throughout the Indian Archipelago. The Datus, or Dyak chiefs, are shewn to be gentle and docile, apt to receive improvement, and grateful for the boon; and the Dyaks generally, even including the *lant* (who are forced

into piratical union by their Malay tyrants, and only in this respect differ from their *darrat* or land countrymen), are by the simplest policy brought within the pale of honesty and industry.

Let but the British Government follow up what has been done frankly and vigorously, and a new aspect, of the most gratifying kind to humanity, will be impressed on these lawless and desolated regions.

With these views and hopes, our first extract this week is, however, addressed to one of the earliest applications of force to the extirpation of piracy—the root of all the evil, without the destruction of which no extensive good can be done.

"We proceeded up the river twelve miles further into the interior of this interesting country, and, with my friend Mr. Brooke on board, approached Sarawak, his seat of government; in the reach before you near which, and off the right bank of the river, is a long and dangerous shelf of rocks. The deep channel which lies between the bank and the rocks is not more than sixty or seventy feet wide, and required some little care in passing; but, with the exception of the flying jib-boom, which got nipped off in the branch of a magnificent overhanging tree, we anchored without accident in six fathoms water, and greatly astonished the natives with a royal salute in honour of Muda Hassim, the Rajah of Borneo. During the whole morning large boats, some carrying as many as two hundred people, had been coming down the river to hail Mr. Brooke's return; and one of the greatest gratifications I had in witnessing the undisguised delight, mingled with gratitude and respect, with which each head man welcomed their newly-elected ruler back to his adopted country. And although many of the Malay chiefs had every reason to expect that in the Dido they saw the means by which their misdeeds were to be punished, they shewed their confidence in Mr. Brooke by bringing their children with them—a sign peculiar to the Malay. The scene was both novel and exciting; presenting to us, just anchored in a large fresh-water river, and surrounded by a densely-wooded jungle, the whole surface of the water covered with canoes and boats dressed out with their various-coloured silken flags, filled with natives beating their tom-toms, and playing on their wild and not unpleasant-sounding wind-instruments, with the occasional discharge of fire-arms. To them it must have been equally striking and extraordinary (as few of them had ever seen any larger vessel than their own war-boats, or a European, until Mr. Brooke's arrival), to witness the Dido anchored almost in the centre of their town, her mast-heads towering above the highest trees of their jungle; the loud report of her heavy two-and-thirty pounder guns, and the running aloft, to furl sails, of 150 seamen, in their clean white dresses, and with the band playing; all which helped to make an impression that will not easily be forgotten at Sarawak. I was anxious that Mr. Brooke should land with all the honours due to so important a personage, which he accordingly did, under a salute. The next business was my visit of ceremony to the Rajah, which was great sport, though conducted in the most imposing manner. The band, and the marines, as a guard, having landed, we (the officers) all assembled at Mr. Brooke's house, where, having made ourselves as formidable as we could with swords and cocked hats, we marched in procession to the royal residence, his majesty having sent one of his brothers, who led me by the hand into his presence. The palace was a long low shed, built on piles, to which we ascended by a ladder. The audience-chamber was hung with red and yellow silk curtains, and round the back and one-side of the platform occupied by the Rajah were ranged his ministers, warriors, and men-at-arms, bearing spears, swords, shields, and other warlike weapons. Opposite to them were drawn up our royal marines; the contrast between the two body-guards being very amusing. Muda Hassim is a wretched-looking little man; still there was a courteous and

gentle manner about him that prepossessed us in his favour, and made us feel that we were before an individual who had been accustomed to command. We took our seats in a semicircle, on chairs provided for the occasion, and smoked cigars and drank tea. His majesty chewed his sirih-leaf and betel-nut, seated with one leg crossed under him, and playing with his toes. Very little is ever said during these audiences; so we sat staring at one another for half an hour with mutual astonishment; and, after the usual compliments of wishing our friendship might last as long as the moon, and my having offered him the Dido and every thing else that did not belong to me in exchange for his house, we took our leave.

"May 19.—This was the day fixed for the Rajah's visit to the Dido, about which he appeared very anxious, although he had seldom been known to go beyond his own threshold. For this ceremony all the boats, guns, tom-toms, flags, and population were put in requisition; and the procession to the ship was a very gorgeous and amusing spectacle. We received him on board with a royal salute. He brought in his train a whole tribe of natural brothers. His guards and followers were strange enough, and far too numerous to be admitted on the Dido's deck; so that as soon as a sufficient number had scrambled on board, the sentry had orders to prevent any more from crowding in; but, whether in so doing the most important personages of the realm were kept out, we did not ascertain. One fellow succeeded in obtaining a footing with a large yellow silk canopy, a corner of which having run into the eye of one of the midshipmen, the bearer missed his footing, and down came the whole concern,—as I was informed, by accident! The party assembled in my cabin; and the remarks were few, nor did they manifest great astonishment at any thing. In fact, a Malay never allows himself to be taken by surprise. I believe, however, the Rajah did not think much of my veracity, when I informed him that this was not the largest ship belonging to her Britannic Majesty, and that she had several mounting upwards of 100 guns; though he admitted that he had seen a grander sight than any of his ancestors. There was much distress depicted in the royal countenance during his visit, which I afterwards ascertained was owing to his having been informed that he must not spit in my cabin. On leaving the ship, whether the cherry-brandy he had taken made him forget the directions he had received I do not know, but he squirted a mouthful of red betel-nut juice over the white deck, and then had the temerity to hold out his hand to the first lieutenant, who hastily applied to him the style (not royal) of 'a dirty beast,' which not understanding, he smiled graciously, taking it as some compliment peculiar to the English.

"This farce over," Captain Keppel continues, "I had now some time to look about me, and to reft my ship in one of the prettiest spots on earth, and as unlike a dock-yard as any thing could be. Mr. Brooke's then residence, although equally rude in structure with the abodes of the natives, was not without its English comforts of sofas, chairs, and bedsteads. It was larger than any other, but, like them, being built upon piles, we had to mount a ladder to get into it. It was situated on the same side of the river (the right bank), next to, but rather in the rear of, the Rajah's palace, with a clear space of about 150 yards between the back and the edge of the jungle. It was surrounded by palisades and a ditch, forming a protection to sheep, goats, occasionally bullocks, pigeons, cats, poultry, geese, monkeys, dogs, and ducks. The house consisted of but one floor. A large room in the centre, neatly ornamented with every description of fire-arms, in admirable order and ready for use, served as an audience and mess-room; and the various apartments round it as bed-rooms, most of them comfortably furnished with matted floors, easy chairs, pictures, and books, with much more taste and attention to comfort than bachelors usually

display. In one corner of the square formed by the palisades were the kitchen and offices. The Europeans with Mr. Brooke consisted of Mr. Douglas, formerly in the navy, a clever young surgeon, and a gentleman of the name of Williamson, who, being master of the native language, as well as active and intelligent, made an excellent prime minister. Besides these were two others who came out in the yacht, one an old man-of-war's man, who kept the arms in first-rate condition, and another worthy character who answered to the name of Charlie, and took care of the accounts and charge of every thing. These were attended by servants of different nations. The cooking establishment was perfect, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The great feeding-time was at sunset, when Mr. Brooke took his seat at the head of the table, and all the establishment, as in days of yore, seated themselves according to their respective grades. This hospitable board was open to all the officers of the Dido; and many a jovial evening we spent there. All Mr. Brooke's party were characters—all had travelled; and never did a minute flag for want of some entertaining anecdote, good story, or song to pass away the time. From breakfast until bed-time there was no intermission; and it was while smoking our cigars in the evening, that the natives, as well as the Chinese who had become settlers, used to drop in, and, after creeping up, according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European Rajah, retire to the further end of the room and squat down upon their haunches, and remain a couple of hours without uttering a word, and then creep out again. I have seen sixty or seventy of an evening come in and make this sort of salaam. All were armed; as it is reckoned an insult for a Malay to appear before the Rajah without his kris. I could not help remarking the manly independent bearing of the half-savage and nearly naked mountain Dyak, compared with the sneaking deportment of the Malay.

The following little adventure was told me during my stay at Sarawak by Dr. Treacher, who had lately joined Mr. Brooke, his former medical attendant having returned to England. It appears that Dr. Treacher received a message by a confidential slave, that one of the ladies of Macota's harem desired an interview, appointing a secluded spot in the jungle as the rendezvous. The doctor, being aware of his own good looks, fancied he had made a conquest; and, having got himself up as showily as he could, was there at the appointed time. He described the poor girl as both young and pretty, but with a dignified and determined look, which at once convinced him that she was moved to take so dangerous a step by some deeper feeling than that of a mere fancy for his person. She complained of the ill-treatment she had received from Macota, and the miserable life she led; and avowed that her firm resolve was to destroy (not herself, gentle creature! but) him, for which purpose she wanted a small portion of arsenic. It was a disappointment that he could not comply with her request: so they parted—the full of pity and love for her, and she, in all probability, full of contempt for a man who felt for her wrongs, but would not aid in the very simple means she had proposed for redressing them.

While at Singapore, Mr. Whitehead had kindly offered to allow his yacht, the *Emily*, a schooner of about fifty tons, with a native crew, to bring our letters to Borneo, on the arrival at Singapore of the mail from England. About the time she was expected, I thought it advisable to send a boat to cruise in the vicinity of Cape Datu, in case of her falling in with any of these piratical gentry. The Dido's largest boat, the pinnace, being under repair, Mr. Brooke lent a large boat which he had had built by the natives at Sarawak, and called the *Jolly Bachelor*. Having fitted her with a brass six-pounder long gun, with a volunteer crew, of a mate, two midshipmen, six marines, and twelve seamen, and a fortnight's provisions, I despatched

her under the command of the second lieutenant, Mr. Hunt; Mr. Douglas, speaking the Malayan language, likewise volunteered his services. One evening, after they had been about six days absent, while we were at dinner, young Douglas made his appearance, bearing in his arms the captured colours of an Illanun pirate. It appears that the day after they had got outside, they observed three boats a long way in the offing, to which they gave chase; but soon lost sight of them, owing to their superior sailing. They, however, appeared a second and a third time after dark, but without the *Jolly Bachelor* being able to get near them; and it now being late, and the crew both fatigued and hungry, they pulled in shore, lighted a fire, cooked their provisions, and then hauled the boat out to her grapple near some rocks for the night; lying down to rest with their arms by their sides, and muskets round the mast ready loaded. Having also placed sentries and look-out men, and appointed an officer of the watch, they one and all (sentries included, I suppose), owing to the fatigues of the day, fell asleep! At about three o'clock the following morning, the moon being just about to rise, Lieut. Hunt happening to awake, observed a savage brandishing a kris and performing his war-dance on the bit of deck, in an ecstasy of delight, thinking in all probability of the ease with which he had got possession of a fine trading-boat, and calculating the cargo of slaves he had to sell, but little dreaming of the hornets' nest into which he had fallen. Lieut. Hunt's round face meeting the light of the rising moon, without a turban surmounting it, was the first notice the pirate had of his mistake. He immediately plunged overboard; and before Lieut. Hunt had sufficiently recovered his astonishment to know whether he was dreaming or not, or to rouse his crew up, a discharge from three or four cannon within a few yards, and the cutting through the rigging by the various missiles with which the guns were loaded, soon convinced him there was no mistake. It was as well the men were still lying down when this discharge took place, as not one of them was hurt; but on jumping to their legs, they found themselves closely pressed by two large war-prahus, one on each bow. To return the fire, cut the cable, man the oars, and back astern to gain room, was the work of a minute; but now came the tug of war, it was a case of life and death. Our men fought as British sailors ought to do; quarter was not expected on either side; and the quick and deadly aim of the marines prevented the pirates from reloading their guns. The Illanun prahus are built with strong bulwarks or barricades, grape-shot proof, across the fore part of the boat, through which ports are formed for working the guns; these bulwarks had to be cut away by round shot from the *Jolly Bachelor* before the musketry could bear effectually. This done, their grape and canister told with fearful execution. In the mean time, the prahu had been pressing forward to board, while the *Jolly Bachelor* backed astern; but as soon as this service was achieved, our men dropped their oars, and seizing their muskets, dashed on: the work was sharp but short, and the slaughter great. While one pirate-boat was sinking, and an effort made to secure her, the other effected her escape by rounding the point of rocks, where a third and larger prahu, hitherto unseen, came to her assistance, and putting fresh hands on board, and taking her in tow, succeeded in getting off, although chased by the *Jolly Bachelor*, after setting fire to the crippled prize, which blew up and sunk before the conquerors got back to the scene of action. While there, a man swam off to them from the shore, who proved to be one of the captured slaves, and had made his escape by leaping overboard during the fight. The three prahus were the same Illanun pirates we had so suddenly come upon off Cape Datu in the Dido, and they belonged to the same fleet that Lieutenant Horton had chased off the island of Murrundum. The slave-prisoner had been seized with a companion in a small fishing-

canoe off Borneo Proper; his companion suffered in the general slaughter. The sight that presented itself on our people boarding the captured boat must indeed have been a frightful one; none of the pirates waited on board for even the chance of receiving either quarter or mercy, but all those capable of moving had thrown themselves into the water. In addition to the killed, some lying across the thwarts with their oars in their hands, at the bottom of the prahu, in which there was about three feet of blood and water, were seen protruding the mangled remains of eighteen or twenty bodies.

"During my last expedition I fell in with a slave belonging to a Malay chief, one of our allies, who informed us that he likewise had been a prisoner and pulled an oar in one of the two prahus that attacked the *Jolly Bachelor*; that none of the crew of the captured prahu reached the shore alive, with the exception of the lad that swam off to our people; and that there were so few who survived in the second prahu, that having separated from their consort during the night, the slaves, fifteen in number, rose and put to death the remaining pirates, and then ran the vessel into the first river they reached, which proved to be the Kaleka, where they were seized, and became the property of the governing Datu; and my informant was again sold to my companion while on a visit to his friend the Datu. Each of the attacking prahus had between fifty and sixty men, including slaves, and the larger one between ninety and a hundred. The result might have been very different to our gallant but dozy *Jolly Bachelors*. I have already mentioned the slaughter committed by the fire of the pinnace, under Lieutenant Horton, into the largest Malay prahu; and the account given of the scene which presented itself on the deck of the defeated pirate, when taken possession of, affords a striking proof of the character of these fierce rovers; resembling greatly what we read of the Norsemen and Scandinavians of early ages. Among the mortally wounded lay the young commander of the prahu—one of the most noble forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot in front and through the lungs, and his last moments were rapidly approaching. He endeavoured to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth with the voice he vainly essayed to utter in words. Again and again he tried, but again and again the vital fluid drowned the dying effort. He looked as if he had something of importance which he desired to communicate, and a shade of disappointment and regret passed over his brow when he felt that every essay was unavailing, and that his manly strength and daring spirit were dissolving into the dark night of annihilation. The pitying conquerors raised him gently up, and he was seated in comparative ease, for the welling-out of the blood was less distressing; but the end speedily came: he folded his arms heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and casting one last glance at the ocean—the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed—expired without a sigh. The spectators, though not unused to tragical and sanguinary sights, were unanimous in speaking of the death of the pirate chief as the most affecting spectacle they had ever witnessed. A sculptor might have carved him as an Atrianus in the mortal agonies of a Dying Gladiator. The leaders of the piratical prahus are sometimes poetically addressed by their followers as *Matari*, i. e. the sun, or *Bulan*, the moon; and from his superiority in every respect, physical and intellectual, the chief whose course was here so fatally closed seemed to be worthy of either celestial name."

The length of this extract, and the impossibility of abridging it, necessitate the postponing our more miscellaneous quotations till next number.

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The Miscellaneous Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall. With a Memoir of his Life, by Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., F.R.A.S.; and a Critical Estimate of his Character and Writings, by John Foster. Pp. 572. London, H. G. Bohn [Bohn's Standard Library].

The Life and Pontificate of Leo X. By William Roscoe. In 2 vols. Vol. I. pp. 482. D. Bogue [Bogue's European Library].

We have twinned these publications together, because, though both very commendable in execution and price, they have given rise to a hot misunderstanding between their publishers, and charges of piracy, &c. connected with them are threatened to be brought into the courts of law. Their general outside resemblance certainly indicates a remarkable similarity of design, and altogether we are sorry to see proofs of such direct imitation in any product or quarter whatever. Close copies to mislead the public sense—no matter in what trade or profession they are exercised—are always disgraceful. They are conceived in the spirit of fraud, and generally carried on by tricky, dishonest, and dishonourable means. It is disgusting to see one shop-front made so like that of a successful neighbour that the eye of the passer-by is often deceived, and you enter a strange house instead of that to which you have been and desire to be a customer; and the *mauvaise honte* of not wishing abruptly to retreat induces you to buy where the parties ought to be kicked for the swindle. And how much more obnoxious are such courses in the nobler walks of literature! The servile imitators, who never originated an idea, are just competent to puzzle and distract the rush-ahead noddles of our busy times; and gold and pyrites, diamonds and paste, go all along in the same popular stream—only the apples are almost too sound to be able to swim, and the chaff floats much more atop and better than good grain.

In the matter which has induced these remarks, we, not being lawyers, can take no part; and not being paid, ought to offer no opinion. Mr. Bohn has put forward a strong statement in reply to some announcement of Mr. Bogue's which we have not seen. Both the works are of sterling character in the classes to which they belong—the dissenting religious and the classic biographical; and exceedingly low priced—the grandest of all recommendations in these luxurious and nipping days.

History of the English Revolution of 1640. From the Accession of Charles I. to his Death. By F. Guizot. Translated by W. Hazlitt. London, D. Bogue.

This is another of the volumes of the "European Library," and needs but the name of Guizot, and the fame which has already made his History truly European, to pass it in its English form into every circle where it cannot be read in the original language. It is a choice of great judgment and merit or a series of this description.

Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory for 1846.

Dublin, A. Thom; London, Longman and Co. This is truly a valuable compilation and digest of all matters relating to Ireland and to the Irish. Its hundred pages of statistical information brought down to the latest period, with its several tables of special and general interest—revenue, expenditure, trade, commerce, inland navigation, railways, local taxation, poor-laws, patents, population, &c. &c., would of themselves ensure to it extensive circulation; but it contains, besides these, a thousand pages of useful reference. In short, it is a *tom* highly creditable to A. Thom, and to all concerned in its production.

The Enchanted Rock. A Comanche Legend. By Percy St. John, author of the "Trapper's Bride," &c. Pp. 163. London, Hayward and Adam. The author has made real and familiar acquaintance, in Texas, with the wild Indians, Lepans and Comanches, whose customs and manners are here interwoven into a legend, into which a white man

is also introduced. The form does not add to the value of the pictures drawn; they are too genuine and striking to be rendered aught except interesting by any medium through which they may be presented to the public; and the accession of the fictitious cannot improve the truth. The Indian life depicted is full of matter, and will be generally perused with edification and pleasure.

The Age of Pitt and Fox. By the Author of "Ireland and its Rulers." 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 416. London, Newby.

THE commencement and a third portion of a political work which is to embrace the busy period between the close of the American and the beginning of the Peninsular wars. We need hardly say, after his preceding work, that the author is a person of great abilities, and has seen and known much of the matters on which he comments. As a constitutional study and striking exposition of the elements of our mixed government, and as the historical portraiture of the most distinguished men who flourished during this remarkable era, we can (without offering a single opinion) safely recommend the publication (as far as it goes) to earnest public attention. The writer appears to be peculiarly conversant with Irish affairs.

The Planetary and Stellar Universe (Lectures). By R. J. Mann. Pp. 205. London, Reeve and Co. A VERY complete and satisfactory volume; one of the best of its kind which we have seen or examined.

An Act (8 and 9 Vict. c. 100) for the Regulation of the Care and Treatment of Lunatics; with explanatory Notes and Comments, &c. &c. Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D. 8vo, pp. 173. W. Benning and Co.

THIS work contains all desirable information upon Lord Ashley's new Act for the regulation of the care and treatment of lunatics. It is a necessary manual for the guidance of those especially associated with the management of lunatic asylums, and it also behoves the profession generally to be acquainted with its clauses.

A Few Observations on the Method in which Philosophical Investigations should be pursued. By James Bower Harrison, Surgeon. Pp. 29. Manchester, Simms.

THESE "few observations" are sensible and just; so much so, as often to verge into commonplace truisms. But there are some things of which one can never have too much; and no one could read these meditations upon the method of pursuing inquiries of any kind without deriving advantage from them.

The Magi and the Star. Pp. 142. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dover, Batcheller.

THE mission of the three star-led wise men of the East to adore the Christian Saviour is here described in a somewhat lofty style. Generally speaking, whatever is added to simplicity in such narratives is detractive from effect; and we cannot say that we find the present effort an exception.

Annals of Horticulture and Year-Book of Information on Practical Gardening. Pp. 576, double columns. Houlston and Stoneman.

THE immense mass of useful and practical information communicated by the *Horticultural Magazine* is here collected and published in a handsome form. The whole displays talent and thorough acquaintance with the subject; and with indexes, &c. &c., may be consulted as a very complete gardening guide for the year.

The Penny Magazine, New Series, Vol. V. C. Knight and Co.

THE fourteenth year of this cheap, various, and meritorious publication, which has been edited throughout, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, by Mr. Charles Knight. The ability of that gentleman for such a task needs no vouching from us. To him the country is deeply indebted for circulating an immense amount of intelligence among the

humbler classes of the community, in shapes so agreeable that the wholesome physic for the mind seemed to be only sweetmeats, and the nutriment kickshaws. We observe that he has now begun a new *Penny Magazine* course for himself, and unconnected with the *magnifique* Society. The first part is very creditable to him; and we rejoice more to see individual exertion so engaged than when coupled with imposing names, and, generally speaking, only impeded by their dictation.

The German Delectus. By E. Albrecht, M.A., and J. C. Moore. Pp. 251. London, J. C. Moore. ONE merit of this *Delectus* is, that it begins with the beginning; and is consequently a useful and pleasant book for beginners in the German language.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COVENT GARDEN ANTIQUITIES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Peckham, Jan. 28th, 1846.

SIR,—In your notice (No. 1514, p. 84) relative to the recent excavations in Covent Garden, speaking of the great quantity of human bones, horns of oxen, &c., you remark, that "the former exhumations can be easily accounted for, from the conventual site." Now, we have no data to prove the spot was ever used for the purposes of inurnment; it being merely a *retiring garden* for the use of the monastery of St. Peter at Westminster, from the earliest period; and so continued until "the first day of June, in the xxviii. year of the reign of our sovereign lord King Henry the VIII. [1536], when the abbot and convent of St. Peter of Westminster gave (!) to the King all theyre garden lying and beyng nere Charing Cross, called Covent Gardeyn, and also seaven acres of land lying without the said gardeyn, and nere adjoining to the same, in the parryshe of Seynt Martyn, which be valued by the said abbot to and at the clere yerly value of fyve pounds, viz. vii. sterlyng." This garden was granted by Edward VI. [1552] to John earl of Bedford, and it appears, by various plans of London, to have been entirely walled round and planted with trees; there were two small houses on it, but certainly no convent or any other building. In 1631, Francis earl of Bedford granted a great part of this land to John Powell and others, for 34 years, at 17l. 0s. 6d. per annum, including one piece on the south side, then intended for a new churchyard. The said earl erected the first church in 1632.

On April 26th, 1650, "Col. Poyse was shot to death in Covent Garden;" and on the 13th of April, 1687, one William Grant, a soldier, was hanged here for running from his colours. It is probable the bodies of these two heroes were also buried here; but, if so, the circumstance would not account for such a "great quantity of human bones." These two executions are the only melancholy incidents that are attached to Covent Garden; but to counterpoise them we have many notices of joyous recreations, from 1672-90 (when splendid fireworks were exhibited) down to Powell, Pinkey, and others, who, when "George was king," cheered the hearts of thousands. It appears by Hollar's etching [*circa* 1640] that this garden was enclosed by wooden posts, with an ornamental column and sun-dial in the centre, which is thus noticed by an old rhymster:

"High in the midst of this most happy land
A well-built marble pyramid does stand;
By which spectators know the time of 'th' day,
From beams reflecting of the solar ray;
Its basis with ascending steps is graced,
Around whose area cleanly matrons placed,
Vending sweet wholesome food, by nature good,
To rear the spirits and enrich the blood."

Many old women used to occupy the steps of this pillar in selling hot rice-milk and barley-broth.

I feel I am deviating from the subject; but really every inch of this once intellectual garden teems with such delightful reminiscences that it is

* Removed in 1790.

painful to tear one's self from such a pleasing spot, rendered immortal as being the favoured resort of some of England's brightest luminaries. Here Dryden might have been seen trudging from his house in Gerrard Street* to Will's coffee-house; and Addison, Pope, Cibber, with other kindred spirits, pacing their way to Button's, which, like Will's, was in Russell Street; and here also was to be found, at No. 8, Tom Davies, the author and bookseller, whom Dr. Johnson so warmly patronised and visited. Indeed, it would be an endless task to trace the recollections connected with this celebrated locality. "Perhaps," says Leigh Hunt, "there is not a name of celebrity in the annals of wit or the stage, between the reigns of Charles II. and William IV., which might not be found concerned in the clubs or other meetings which have been held under the piazzas, particularly Garrick, Hogarth, and their contemporaries. Sir Roger De Coverley has been there, a person more real to us than nine-tenths of them: when in town, he lodged in Bow Street."

Here also, under the piazzas, resided those eminent artists, Lely, Mortimer, Thornhill, Faber, M'Arrell, Worsdale, and Wright; also the turbulent and unfortunate Sir Henry Vane, and Denzill Hollis, with other celebrated personages.

Here, in the churchyard, Wycherly, Butler, Macklin, Edwin, Gibson the dwarf and his dwarfish wife, with numberless other actors, poets, and celebrated characters, are sleeping the sleep of mortals.

Alas! there is not a vestige left of the original character of "The Market." Where are its celebrated eccentrics? where are its exhilarating amusements? Fleed for ever! Where's Powell and his far-famed Punch's Theatre; or Pinkethman with his Pantheon; Sir Francis Kynaston with his Museum Minervæ; or Sir James Thornhill and his Drawing Academy? Where's Dr. Desaguliers, with his chemical lectures? Where's the facetious Dr. Tuscany, mounted in his travelling-chaise? he was the last of the metropolitan mountebank quack doctors. Where's his compeer in this market-practice—the notorious Dr. Rock,† or that German disciple of Esculapius, Dr. Bossy? Where's that once terror of the road, Claude du Vall? Where's Moll King and "good mother" Douglas,‡ with her favourite protégé, the fascinating and beautiful Betsy Careless,—

* With lips like rubies, and you'd think, within,
Instead of teeth, that Orient pearls had been,—

and who, like Nell Gwynn, "possessed every virtue but that of chastity?" Fielding makes mention of her; and Ireland says, that in many of Lovelling's Latin odes her name is immortalised. Poor girl! her sun went down ere it was day;|| and, as Dr. Johnson said of Bett Flint, "she was a fine character!"

Notwithstanding this somewhat lengthy digression, I must yet mention that Tom King's coffee-house did not stand where Hogarth has placed it in his print of Morning.

Craving your pardon for sending this hastily written sketch, allow me to conclude,

"Historia quoquo modo scripta deletat."

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,
GEO. SMELTON.

* Dryden's residence was the fifth house on the left hand, coming from Little Newport Street (now numbered 43); and here he died, May 1, 1700. It was on his returning home from Will's coffee-house that he was attacked and severely beaten by some ruffians, in Rose Street, Covent Garden; the street wherein the glorious Samuel Butler lived and died, and the pugnacious Curll resided, at the sign of Pope's Head, and where he published many of his manufactured works. How sadly we need a biographical history of London!

† See Hogarth's March to Finchley.

‡ The original of *Mother Cole* in Foote's farce of the *Minor*; and vide Hogarth's *Enthusiasm* delineated, and the eleventh print of *Industry and Idleness*.

|| In plate viii. of the *Rake's Progress*, a poor gentleman appears, by the inscription of "Charming Betty Careless," which he has chalked upon a board, to be

"Craz'd with care, and cross'd by hopeless love."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 22d.—Sir William Burnett, V.P., in the chair. The following papers were read: 1. "On the viscous theory of glacier motion. Part II. An attempt to establish by observation the plasticity of glacier ice." By Mr. J. D. Forbes. The first two sections of the present memoir are occupied with a critical examination of the theory advanced by De Saussure to account for the progressive motion of glaciers, which he considered as formed of masses of rigid and inflexible ice; and with the further explanations of that theory given by Ramond, Bischoff, Agassiz, and Studer. The author, on the other hand, regarding these masses as possessing a considerable degree of plasticity, explains on that supposition the phenomena they present; and, in the third section of the paper, relates a series of experiments which he carried on in the Mer de Glace, near Chamouni, in the summer of 1844, with a view to determine by direct measurement the relative motion of different parts of the glacier. This he accomplished by selecting a spot on the western side of the Mer de Glace, between Trelaporte and l'Angle, where the ice was compact and free from fissures, and erecting on the surface a row of posts at short distances from one another, in a line transverse to the general direction of the moving mass. He was thus enabled to discover the movements of different points in this line by trigonometrical observations; and ascertained that they advanced more and more rapidly in proportion as they were distant from the sides of the glacier, and that when not under the influence of neighbouring crevasses these motions were gradual and uninterrupted; as was shewn by the lines carried through the posts forming, after the lapse of a few days, a continuous curve, of which the convexity was turned towards the lower end of the glacier.—2. "An Account of the Southern Magnetic Surveying Expedition." By Lieut. H. Clerk, R.A. Communicated by Lieut.-Col. Sabine. The letter, which is dated from the Magnetical Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, June 28, 1845, reports the return to the Cape of the Pagoda from her voyage to the high southern latitudes, after the successful completion of the magnetical service on which she had been employed, by direction of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, at the request of the president and council of the Royal Society.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 30th.—Prof. Brande "On the electro-chemical protection of metals." Mr. Brande began by advertizing to Sir H. Davy's electro-chemical discoveries, which formed the foundation and included the principles of all that has since been done in this extensive field of research. A principal result of Sir H. Davy's inquiries was, that the common chemical properties of the metals, and more especially their affinities for oxygen, chlorine, and bodies of that class, might be either diminished or increased by modifying their electrical states; that by placing them in what is usually termed an electro-negative condition, these affinities were lessened, whereas they were exalted by conferring upon them an electro-positive condition. In fact (said Mr. Brande), we thus arrive at such singular powers over these properties of metallic bodies in general, that we can convert many of them into what may almost be termed new or distinct metals. Thus, as regards copper plunged into nitric acid, in its ordinary condition it is rapidly oxidised and dissolved; but in its electro-negative state it resists such changes. Davy illustrated these positions by many similar instances; and as a practical application of his theoretical views, pointed out the means of protecting the copper-sheathing of ships from the wear and tear occasioned by the action of sea-water; he rendered the copper electro-negative by attaching to it a piece of zinc or iron, and under such influence it remained unattacked by those agents which

in its normal condition induced its rapid corrosion. These researches (Mr. Brande said) were commenced in 1805 and 1806, and their applications were suggested in 1824 and 1825 in several papers laid before the Royal Society. Mr. Brande then proceeded to explain the meaning of the terms 'electro-positive' and 'electro-negative,' and, by reference to diagrams and to numerous experiments, to define the directions of the electric current, with a view of preventing the misunderstanding and uncertainties which had frequently arisen on this subject. We know nothing (he observed) of the real condition of matter under the influence of electricity, nor do we know any thing of the nature of electricity itself; but we are in the habit of using certain conventional terms in our reasonings and discussions upon these matters, which it is necessary accurately to define. We assume that the phenomena in question depend upon the setting up of what we call a current of electricity in certain directions; and as far as the mere passage of this current through a conductor—a metallic wire, for instance—is concerned, we call the end of the wire from which the electricity escapes the positive end, and that at which it enters the negative end; and in cases where a current of electricity is passing from one metallic surface to another, through a fluid, that surface which emits is called positive, and that which receives negative. We have two means (said Mr. Brande) of testing this direction of the electrical current, the one by its magnetic, the other by its chemical effects. He then proceeded to shew, by the galvanometer, that the direction of the magnetic needle deviated to the east when the current of electricity was made to traverse the coil of the instrument from left to right, and to the west when the current moved in the opposite direction; and that in reference to chemical action, when two metals in communication with each other were placed in the same vessel of dilute acid, an electrical current was set up in such a direction as to pass from the metal most acted on, across the fluid, to the metal least acted on; so that the former was the positive, or generating, or active metal, the latter the negative, receiving, or passive metal—the former in all cases the *suffering*, the latter the *protected* metal. The lecturer then adduced abundance of experimental evidence upon these points. He first referred to Davy's original notion of protecting the copper-sheathing of ships upon those principles, and proceeded to shew by both of his tests, namely, by the galvanometer and by the chemical effects, that zinc, iron, and tin were thus electro-positive in respect to copper immersed in sea-water or in acids, that those metals therefore protected the copper, which remained bright and unoxidised; but that, on the other hand, platinum, gold, and silver, similarly attached to copper, were electro-negative in regard to it, and that they therefore hastened its decay and corrosion. In the former case the copper was protected at the expense of the zinc, iron, and tin; but in the latter the platinum, gold, and silver were protected at the expense of the copper. When zinc and iron are thus employed, the zinc is the protecting, or suffering, or electro-positive metal; the iron is the protected, passive, or electro-negative metal. These points were well illustrated by the effects of dilute acid upon iron in several conditions. The iron *alone* was greatly corroded; iron with a piece of zinc attached to it remained quite bright, while the zinc was oxidised; but iron with a piece of copper attached to it was even more corroded than the simple and unprotected iron, while the copper remained bright. Mr. Brande shewed that zinc and iron were of all the metals those most appropriately used as protectors, or as electro-positives, and that they thus acted in regard to the greater number of the other metals; but that, in respect to those metals themselves, the chemical affinities of zinc generally exceeded those of iron, and therefore iron might be effectually protected from all rust and decay by proper combination with zinc; but that as regarded

tin and iron, the reverse was the case; and in tin-plate, no sooner is the iron abraded than its corrosion goes on with greatly increased speed. Mr. Brande shewed the comparative energies of oxygen upon zinc and iron, by burning those metals in the gas; the zinc blazed with vehemence, the iron burned slowly. Copper would not, under the same circumstances, burn at all. Mr. Brande shewed, in the course of his argument, that the real source of the electricity was chemical action, and not contact. With iron and copper in acid the direction of the current of electricity was from the iron to the copper; but in a sulphur solution it was from the copper to the iron, because in the latter case the copper was the metal most acted on, and therefore electro-positive.

Such is an outline of the principles insisted upon by the lecturer. He then proceeded to their practical applications, and touching upon Davy's original views in regard to copper-sheathing, upon the protection of copper saucepans by tin, &c., he dwelt especially upon the extreme importance of the protection of iron by zinc in what is termed "galvanised iron." The roofing of the new Houses of Parliament, the wires of electro-telegraphs, buoys, beams, and iron-sheathing of ships, were especially described; and Mr. Brande said that there was scarcely any application of iron in which this admirable and simple protection was not available.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 5th.—The president in the chair. "On the unequal decomposition of electrolytes, and the theory of electrolysis," by Mr. James Napier. The author, after alluding to his former paper on this subject, read before the society in January 1845, and published in their Proceedings, vol. ii. p. 255, and reviewing the deductions then arrived at, stated that he had observed, while experimenting on electrical endomose, that there seemed some relation between the subject now under consideration and the cause of measurable endomose, which rendered it probable that the element of an electrolyte liberated at the negative pole, as in the deposit of a metal, might not be, as he had formerly advanced, an accurate measure of the electricity passing through the solution; but that a feeble current may be also passing, capable of causing the solid electrode to combine with the elements of the electrolyte, but not sufficient to decompose all the compound fluid through which it passes. The author then described the various experiments made to test these suggestions, the results of which were confirmatory of his supposition. Mr. Napier concluded his paper by a few remarks on the philosophy of electrolytic action. He considers that no basic element of an electrolyte is transfused by electrolytic action; but that the base of an electrolyte, which is being decomposed, is the medium or conductor of the electricity through the solution from electrode to electrode.

Jan. 19th.—Mr. J. Wheeler in the chair. Dr. Lyon Playfair described and demonstrated Professor Bunsen's method of graduating glass-tubes for eudiometrical and philosophical purposes, and which had been adopted in the graduation of the eudiometers employed by them in the analysis of the gases from the iron-smelting furnaces.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, PARIS.

26th Jan.—Sir John Franklin was elected, by 41 out of 46 votes, corresponding member to the geographical section, in the room of M. de Guignes, deceased. Four votes were recorded for M. Demidoff of St. Petersburg, and one for Captain James Clark Ross. The other candidates presented by the section were MM. Gauthier of St. Malo, Lutké of St. Petersburg, and Owen of London.

Faraday's Experiments.—M. Pouillet submitted the apparatus with which, since Monday last, he had repeated the new experiments of M. Faraday, and described the results he had obtained. The apparatus consisted of a Bunsen's pile; one or

several electro-magnets; an instrument suited for the observation of circular polarisation; and different substances he had tested. The instrument employed to observe the circular polarisation was that of M. Soleil, and had been, for these particular experiments, separated into two parts, the objective and the ocular, mounted separately. An ordinary lamp was placed before the objective part, and a strong lamp, giving its rays of light sensibly parallel, propagating itself along the axis common to both parts of the apparatus. This light was always horizontal, and by the accidental placing of the apparatus extended itself from S. to N.; and hence the relative positions of the polarised ray, the electro-magnets, and the bodies operated upon, may be easily defined. The electro-magnet was horizontal, and on a level with the light which traversed the apparatus and the vertical plane formed by the poles of the magnet parallel to it. Experimenting then with, for example, a parallelepiped of flint-glass from ten to twelve centimetres long, terminated by two parallel planes, place it so that the ray polarised by the objective traverse its axis; and if it be pure, which it should be for these experiments, its interposition produces neither deviation nor colour in the ray. Bring near now the electro-magnet, in such way as though the glass were its armature, and so that the middle of the length of the glass correspond with the space between the poles. On passing the current, the two tints of the red image, corresponding to the two opposite plates of quartz of the objective, cease to be identical: for instance, suppose the right one had turned to the blue, or the ascending scale of the spectrum, if the current be passed in a contrary direction, the left one now would turn to the blue. Thus, by reversing the poles of the electro-magnet, the action on the glass, or on the ray of light which traverses it, is suddenly reversed. In the method above described, ten elements were sufficient to manifest it to an experienced eye; but with one hundred it was so intense that no one, even the most unaccustomed to this kind of observation, could fail to perceive the characteristic phenomenon.

In order clearly to determine the nature of the effect produced, M. Pouillet had recourse to what M. Biot calls the *teinte de passage*, employing glasses slightly coloured blue, which gave to this tint a very great sensibility. When these glasses were interposed, the tints of the quartz became a clear lilac, the least changes of which were appreciable, so that it became possible not only to perceive, but to measure the effects, which correspond to the thickness of the quartz to the hundredth of a millimetre. The instrument being thus modified, nothing was more easy than to recognise the action of the electro-magnet turning the plane of polarisation, as M. Faraday announced it; and this constitutes its true character.

M. Pouillet next examined in what way this force was modified by the different relative positions of the electro-magnet and of the piece of flint-glass. If, instead of placing the electro-magnet in contact with the glass, it be removed in the same relative position, the action diminishes, but feebly, as the distance increases; so that a considerable portion of what it was, in contact, is retained when separated 10 centimetres. If the electro-magnet be again put in contact, and the glass slid in the direction of the ray, in order to subject it to the influence of a single pole, there will be one point where the action will be *nil*; then, if the sliding be continued, carrying it more and more from its primitive position, and passing the pole, the action begins again to present itself; but then contrary to what it was at first. Hence three conclusions are drawn:—1. If the unknown action of the magnet on the glass be produced by attractions and repulsions, the effect is *nil* when the resultant of these attractive and repulsive forces is perpendicular to the direction of the polarised ray, and a maximum when parallel to it. 2. It is necessary that the length of the pieces

submitted to the electro-magnet should be greater than the distance of the axes of the two branches, for the portions which exceed these axes would receive modifications equally, and opposed to that which the central portion would receive; it is even to be presumed that the compensations may be so exact that, with a piece in contact which goes beyond the width of the magnet, the action may be altogether *nil*. This result seems opposed to Faraday's idea, that the effect is proportional to the length of the piece submitted to experiment. 3. That to obtain the greatest effect, two electro-magnets, opposed to each other, with the poles of the same name corresponding, should be presented to the piece of glass.

Numerous experiments, with several substances and varying positions, were tried, all evincing the phenomena; but M. Pouillet declares his opinion, that they evidence only an action on the transparent medium, or on the forces which govern its molecular state, and not, as M. Faraday thinks, on the ray itself.

M. Despretz announced that he also is occupied with the experiments of M. Faraday; and that he has imagined two modes of operation, which he was about to try.

M. Mauvais' calculations for the mutual intersections of the planes of the orbits of the small planets, including Astræa, accord to less than 10° of longitude and 2° of latitude. It is impossible to consider this approach among the ten intersections as an effect of chance; and the idea of Olbers acquires, by the discovery of the new planet, a stronger presumption in its favour.

M. Arago communicated an astronomical work from the Paris Observatory, namely M. Laugier's addition of several comets to the catalogue of comets whose elements may be considered as determined. In 1705, when Halley published the first catalogue of comets, he inscribed there only 24 parabolas. But this number increased little by little, and in 1771 it was already 59: it is now 160. Besides these catalogued comets, there are several mentioned by historians and chroniclers; but the details are not sufficiently precise, and they have hitherto resisted the efforts of astronomers. A work of M. Ed. Biot, on the appearances of comets and extraordinary stars observed in China at different epochs, has furnished M. Laugier with documents which, joined to those we previously possessed, enabled him to add seven comets to the catalogue. He will, moreover, continue his work.

M. Gaudin writes that he produces the Drummond light without the employment of hydrogen, by substituting for it the vapour of ether or alcohol. The lantern which M. Gaudin proposes to apply to vessels, *malles-postes*, locomotives, &c., consists of a reservoir of oxygen, whence the gas issues under a pressure of from 3 to 4 millimetres of mercury, and gushes to the centre of a flame of alcohol through a vertical tube in the axis of the wick, and passes to the summit by a very small hole. The vertical dart thus produced burns on a small globe of magnesia soldered to a platinum wire.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION. THE despatches of Captain Sturt bring the accounts of this interesting expedition to June 1845. Mr. Poole had succeeded in reaching the shores of Lake Torrens. Its appearance, he says, may have been the large bed of a lake from such lofty eminences as Mount Serle or Mount Hopeless; but to him it appeared to consist of a succession of lakes formed by the drainage from the hills. Its waters were slightly salt, and its bed composed of black mud thinly encrusted with salt. He would have continued the examination of the lake more to the north, but he was apprehensive that his retreat would be cut off by the evaporation of the water left by the late rains; and he consequently turned back after a fatiguing journey of 250 miles, during which he was exposed to great heat; and in his anxiety to accomplish what he knew was desirable, had almost exceeded the bounds of prudence

as regarded his personal safety. To this zeal and over-exertion Mr. Poole fell a sacrifice; his death is lamented at the close of the despatches. Every attempt to penetrate these dreary deserts was foiled by the privation of water, the thermometer, too, being often 132° in the shade and 153° in the sun, exposed to the direct rays, 157° . The water-holes for encampment were rare and wide apart; scurvy and thirst prevailed; heads burning and animals drooping thwarted the most strenuous exertions. Captain Sturt entertains a full conviction, that when in lat. about $28^{\circ} 6' 30''$ and long. $140^{\circ} 44'$, he was within 50, perhaps 30, miles of an inland sea. It was, he thought, impossible that such a country, from which the very birds of the air shrank away, should continue much further; but whether such really was the case remains yet to be ascertained. This conviction was strengthened by their being deserted by every beast of the field and every bird of the air, and by witnessing migration after migration to that point to which he had ever looked for success. Very few natives were seen; indeed the country is too poor to maintain any number of inhabitants in any one place. A solitary native, a stranger from the northward, came to the camp. He guessed the use of the hat as soon as he saw it, and pointed to the north-west as the quarter in which we should go. He examined the sheep-netting, and putting his head to the meshes, intimated by signs that the fish to be found there were too large to get through them. He recognised the turtle, the hippocampus, and several sea-fish, figured in Cuvier's plates, naming them respectively; but he put his fingers on all the others, and gave them a general name. Putting his own observations and these together, Captain Sturt says, "I cannot but think that we are within 150 to 200 miles of some remarkable feature; but whether a river or sea it is impossible to say."—*Depot, long. $141^{\circ} 30'$ east, lat. $29^{\circ} 40' 12''$ south.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 4th (Public Meeting).—Mr. Pettigrew in the chair. The names of several new associates were read, among which was that of Lord Abergavenny. Mr. Croker then read an interesting paper on Brecon Priory, by Major Davis of the 52d Regt., illustrated with beautiful drawings by the author. This paper consisted in a great measure of architectural description, and it would not be easy for us to give an abstract of it.

Mr. E. O. Mailey, R.N., exhibited a beautiful bronze figure of Venus, found near Mogla, in Asia Minor, the ancient Stratonicea, in 1841; an elegant little sculpture in Rosa Antica, procured at Malta, from the collection of the Marquis Grimaldi; and a collection of early silver and copper coins, procured among the islands of the Archipelago.

Mr. Smith next read a valuable paper by Prof. Henslow, on a quantity of cinerary urns discovered in 1844, at the village of Kingston, near Derby, which Professor Henslow supposes to be British. Mr. Smith made some remarks on these urns, compared them with an urn of which a drawing was exhibited, and which was found in an undoubted Saxon burial-place,—and gave it as his opinion that they were early Saxon. Mr. Wright then made some observations on the importance of researches of this kind, and on the necessity of systematically arranging and classifying the results of such antiquarian discoveries. From the want of this arrangement we had lost the chief advantage of most of the discoveries hitherto made. Some persons pretending to the title of archaeologists had thrown sneers upon the operations of the barrow-openers, and stigmatised them with the name of resurrectionists. They seemed not to be aware that in the Roman and Saxon barrows was inclosed the history of our island during several centuries. The larger portion of the Roman barrows in this island are proved to be of the latest period of the Roman occupation of the island, and even

continue until they verge into Saxon. Among the immense number of articles which have been found in the Roman barrows and graves in this island, there has never yet been discovered the slightest trace of Christianity—every thing is distinctly Pagan. This, combined with other circumstances, led him to the belief that the supposed existence of a Romano-British church is a mere fable, which had been formed in the earlier ages of Saxon Christianity. Was this an unimportant fact to be ascertained? It is true that Christianity had been established among the Britons and Irish at least shortly before the conversion of the Saxons; but, from the position which the Christians occupied, and their peculiar creed, it is not improbable that it was planted there by missionaries from Spain. Again, the intermixture of the elements of Roman and Saxon civilisation in many situations went far to shew that the history of the supposed long and inveterate hostilities between the Saxon and Romano-British population is also, at the least, very much exaggerated; in fact, it seems clear that there was an interfusion of the invaders with the invaded. This was also an interesting question, and every new barrow opened might furnish a link towards the chain of evidence. Of the history of the Saxons in England before their conversion to Christianity we have no authentic written account; but it happens fortunately that the Saxon barrows contained arms, and ornaments of the person, and even household utensils, in great profusion; which shew that they were not an uncivilised race: they were skillful jewellers, able workmen in different branches of the arts; they wore sumptuous apparel, and they possessed all the implements of domestic comfort. When we compare the barrows of the Saxons in different parts of the island, we should be enabled to identify and divide the different tribes who had come into the country, to trace them in their wanderings, and to fix upon the positions which they occupied before written history throws any light on the subject. A curious fact was now before the Association: if these urns were Saxon, it would appear that the Saxon tribe settled about Derby were in the habit of burning their dead; while in the barrows of the Saxons of Kent, with very few exceptions, the body had been buried unburnt. It is remarkable that the earliest Saxon poetry represents our northern ancestors as burning their dead.—Mr. Isaacson made some remarks on the barrows which he had opened in Derbyshire, and said that he had found that in Saxon graves the body had been buried unburnt: he described an instance where in one large barrow he had found a Saxon interment at the top, beneath that a Roman interment, and still lower down an interment which bore every mark of being British. Mr. Sydenham followed, with some remarks on the barrows of Dorsetshire, of which he had opened many, and which he considered to be altogether British; and he said that he was inclined to coincide with Professor Henslow in believing the urns found near Derby, of which drawings were then before the meeting, to be British. Mr. Smith stated in conclusion, that he was in expectation of further information which might lead to the decision of this question.

The attention of the meeting was then called to some fine rubbings of brasses, and to a very richly adorned cap, said to have belonged to Charles I., exhibited by Messrs. Lethbridge, H. S. Richardson, and Crofton Croker.

Mr. Pettigrew read a letter from Mr. Robert Cole, containing one or two allusions, not before noticed, to the subject of the first establishment of naval uniform, which had been brought before the last meeting of the Association.

Mr. Smith exhibited two wooden images, found under old London Bridge, which he supposed to have come from the ancient chapel on the bridge. One was a figure of an ecclesiastic; the other represented the Deity, personified as a secular king. He read some observations on the subject of the latter figure, taken chiefly from M. Didron's valua-

ble *Iconographie Chrétienne*, from which it appeared that during the middle ages the Deity was generally represented in Italy (where the Pope's sovereignty was most apparent) as a pope, in Germany as an emperor, and in France and England as a king. Exceptions to this rule are found, but they are not numerous. In some instances, where it was wished to shew that the Deity was above the pope, he was figured with a quadruple or quintuple instead of a triple tiara. Mr. J. G. Waller stated that he had found in monuments of the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, particularly on brasses found in England, the Deity was very generally represented as a pope, though he believed that that was very seldom the case before that period. Mr. Planché stated that from his own observations on early illuminated mss., he thought that in England the Deity was almost always represented as a king. Mr. Wright suggested that the occurrence of figures of the Deity, represented as pope, at the period mentioned by Mr. Waller, might be explained by the known fact that the personal respect for the pope in England was much greater in the fifteenth century and at the eve of the Reformation than it had been at any previous period. Mr. Waller rose again to observe that he thought it not improbable that many of the brasses to which he had alluded were of Flemish workmanship. Mr. Lott took the opportunity of expressing his belief that a very small portion of the antiquarian treasures buried in the neighbourhood of the old London Bridge had been disturbed. Great neglect had been shewn when the old bridge was pulled down; and he mentioned as an instance, that the stone coffin of Peter Colechurch had been raised to the surface, and let down again, after its contents had been scattered about.

Mr. Croker read some remarks, by Mr. H. Lyer Cuming, on a basket-hilt of a Jacobite claymore, bearing portraits of the "Old Pretender," found on the field of Culloden. The hilt was on the table.

Mr. Croker exhibited a proclamation, by Richard Dowden, mayor of Cork, issued at the close of the last year, and with the intent to "prevent cruelty to animals," as it was headed, forbade the old popular ceremony, long prevalent in Ireland, of hunting and killing a wren on St. Stephen's day; and read a curious account of the ceremony to which it alluded. The Wren-boys in Ireland go from house to house for the purpose of levying contributions, carrying one or more of these birds, which they have killed in the course of the morning, suspended in the midst of a holly-bush, gaily decorated with coloured ribbons, accompanied with an appropriate song. Mr. Croker referred to a similar custom, on Christmas-day, in the Isle of Man, of which Mr. Pettigrew read a curious account from the notes to Mr. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*. Mr. Croker stated that the Irish call the wren the king of birds, and had a story that when the birds wanted to choose a king they determined that the one which could fly highest should have the crown, and that the wren, being small, hid itself under the eagle's wing, and when the eagle could fly no higher, the wren slipped from its hiding-place, and easily gained the victory.* Mr. Wright read an account from a French writer of the beginning of the present century of the ceremony of hunting the wren, then observed at Christmas, in the south of France, and closely resembling the same customs as existing in Wales and the Isle of Man. He remarked on the antiquarian value even of little circumstances like this, which now occupied the attention of the meeting, the apparently trifling traces of old popular superstitions often doing more to prove the relationship and affinity of different peoples than a whole host of what were generally looked upon as far more important monuments. It was well known that the wren was an object of superstition in the middle ages. Singularly enough he

* H. B. has just made a clever caricature from it: Cobden the eagle, and Lord J. Russell the wren.—See *Lit. Gaz.*

had found the Irish appellation of "king of the birds" given to the wren in an old French dictionary of the sixteenth century, where among other terms it was called *roi des oiseaux* (the king of the birds), *roitelet* (the little king), and *le roy Bertrand*. The last name probably referred to some legend now forgotten; but, in searching for the origin of these names, he had only been able to meet with an obscure allusion to some story of the wren having defeated the eagle, which was probably similar to the Irish legend cited by Mr. Croker. Mr. Smith stated that he had obtained from a relation some information relating to similar observances still existing in Pembrokeshire. On twelfth-day it is customary there to carry about what is called "the king," which is a wren (a cock wren), inclosed in a box with glass windows, surmounted by a wheel, from which are appended various coloured ribbons. Men and boys carry it, and visit the farmhouses, and sing a song, of which Mr. Smith had only been able to obtain the following fragments:

For we are come here
To taste your good cheer,
And the king is well dressed,
In silks of the best.

He is from a cottager's stall,
To a fine gilded hall.

The poor bird often dies under the ceremony, which tradition connects with the death of an ancient British king, at the time of the Saxon invasion. Several other members joined in this discussion, which seemed to afford much gratification to the numerous meeting.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.*

THE second meeting of the central committee was held yesterday week, Sir Richard Westmacott in the chair. The names of honorary foreign members were announced, and new subscribers, &c. members were enrolled.

A letter was read from Mr. Edward Richardson, the sculptor, giving an account of further excavations on the site of the Priory at Lewes. Major-general Sir J. Woodford, K.C.B. communicated the discovery of a gold ring with a cabalistic inscription, dug up on the field of the battle of Agincourt, where some years since he made extensive researches. Sir R. Westmacott exhibited two beautiful specimens of silversmith's work of the 17th century, designed in the style of the Florentine artists, in which the human figure is combined with foliage; they were found with a quantity of human bones, woollen cloths, &c., in an excavation in Berwick, and were probably buried in that spot on the occasion of some extensive interment during the great plague.

A letter was read from Mr. Tymms, local secretary at Bury St. Edmunds, calling the attention of the committee to the present ruinous state of the interesting Norman gate-tower there, built by Abbot Baldwin, A.D. 1095; to rescue which from impending ruin a sum has been raised, not, however, adequate to meet the necessary expenses. Mr. Talbot exhibited a livery-badge of Villiers duke of Buckingham, with a striking portrait of him in relief. Mr. Rhode Hawkins exhibited a Flemish wooden comb, richly ornamented with pierced tracery, and inscribed with a motto, purchased at the sale of Dr. Nott's antiquities, and probably of the early part of the 16th century. Mr. Doubleday exhibited a similar comb, and a very interesting small ivory carving, representing a courtship, probably from some romance. The Marquis of Northampton exhibited an antique gem, with a Gothic legend, on a silver setting, probably used as a seal during the 14th century. Two examples of these singular adaptations of antique gems have been recently submitted to the committee by the Rev. E. J. Shepherd. The Rev. J. Wilson, fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, exhibited some encaustic tiles and

* We are indebted for the Report to the secretary; not having ourselves received any circular to attend these meetings. See *Literary Gazette* of the 24th ult., complaining of this neglect towards subscribers.—Ed. L. G.

other remains, found at Oddington, Oxfordshire, shewing, by the fact of their discovery, the true site of the Cistercian Monastery of Otteleie in that parish. Mr. J. W. Burgon exhibited a Roman brick found in making the foundations of the Post Office, St. Martin's le Grand, inscribed LON. The word LON occurs on the coins of Constantine and other late emperors, and has been considered by numismatists to indicate Londinium, as the place of mintage. This brick, therefore, is probably stamped in like manner with the name of the place of manufacture, London.

A communication was read from Mr. Squier, of Cincinnati, in America, relative to the mounds or earthworks of the valley of the Mississippi, in which the writer gave reasons for his opinion, that they were in many cases not sepulchral; that they were the work of a race long anterior to the modern Indian tribes, and very much more advanced in art and civilisation, as appeared from the constructive skill displayed in their mounds and military outworks, and the fashion of their implements and pottery. He considered it probable that this race descended southward, through the great continent of America, till they finally settled in the fertile territory of Mexico. An interesting discussion followed between Mr. Talbot and Mr. Birch, on the subject of these remarks. Among the primeval antiquities exhibited were a series of Celtic remains, from the extensive collection of Mr. Whincom of Woodbridge, consisting chiefly of objects discovered in the eastern counties. Mr. Alexander Nesbit communicated an account of four churches in Norfolk, which, from some peculiarities of structure and materials, he considered to be probably genuine specimens of Saxon architecture.

A letter was read from the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, local secretary, giving a report of the excavations now actively proceeding on the site of the ancient Segontium, and stating that the subscription in aid of this object had been much promoted by the gift of 5*l.* from the committee of the Institute.

Original Papers read before the Syro-Egyptian Society of London. Vol. I. Part I. pp. 139. London, Madden and Malcolm.

THIS first Part of the Transactions of a young society speaks well for the working capabilities of its associates. The first paper is by Mr. J. Cullimore, and is a learned dissertation on the dynasty of the Pharaohs, exposing, upon the most elaborate grounds, that the unscriptural and unhistorical hypothesis of the thirty dynasties of the historian Maratho, representing a consecutive monarchy, had its origin in the ancient Egyptian government having taken the various forms of a pentarchy, tetrarchy, dodekarchy, &c. The second memoir, by Dr. Holt Yates, contains a curious and instructive history of all the known obelisks. The third is a note, by Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, on that part of the Emperor Trajan's campaign in Syria which regarded the descent of the rivers Khabur and Euphrates. The fourth is a learned contribution from Mr. S. Sharpe, on the hieroglyphics of Horapollo Nilous; and is illustrated by fifty-eight characters, containing the whole of those in which the hieroglyphic decipherer of old happened to be in the right. These notes constitute a new and complete edition of the work. This memoir is followed by an account of the ancient city of Naucratis and the site of Sais in the Delta of Egypt, from personal exploration, by Mr. J. S. Buckingham; after which are some curious and interesting notices of the ancient historical connexion of Abyssinia with Syria and the Holy Land, by Mr. C. Johnston. The seventh memoir is by Dr. Platé, being geographical and historical remarks on the province of Hadhramaut, with a review of the introduction of Christianity into southern Arabia and China, chiefly illustrated by the monument of Se-gau-fu. This memoir is accompanied by a map of the districts in question, mainly derived from data obtained by the Baron von Urede, the intrepid explorer of those

countries. The last communication is by the celebrated Professor Grotefend, being remarks upon a wedge inscription discovered lately by Captain von Mulbach on the upper Euphrates, between Isoghlu (ancient Elegeia) and Kunurhan, probably at or near the ancient site of Tirnisa, or on the great route from that place to Ephesus. This important communication is illustrated by a lithographed copy of this very ancient inscription, which is given at length, and compared with the inscriptions found by the unfortunate Shütz near Van, and by Mr. Rich at Musul.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Graphic, 8 P.M.; Microscopical (anniversary meeting), 7 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Royal Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION

OPENS its private view of the works of British artists to-day; and we are glad to avail ourselves of our old-acquired privilege to say a few words on what will be found in this year's Exhibition, having been admitted to a cursory glance, after the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and suite had gratified their curiosity with a prolonged visit to the gallery.

The general effect of all three rooms on entering is, we think, superior to any of late years; and there is altogether a happier mixture and greater variety than usual—there being 482 paintings, and eleven pieces of sculpture, among which a female figure called, in bad taste, "Sin Triumphant," by T. Earle, is deserving of very high praise.

On travelling round the collection, we thought the landscape, though illustrated by fine productions of Creswick, Lee, E. W. Cooke, Linton, D. Wingfield (No. 177), W. Scrope (No. 245), G. E. Hering (No. 268), certainly not superior to former seasons; but there is one by an artist unfamiliar to us, No. 217, "Drover's Halt, Isle of Mull in the distance," which is unquestionably a first-rate production in every respect: scenery, buildings, water, animals of every kind, are painted in the most charming style. R. Andell is the name of the gentleman who has produced this delightful picture; it will soon be known and appreciated wherever excellence in art is admired. No. 46, "The Tempest," from Shakspeare, by Danby—the ship and all its miserable inmates in the storm, with a darkened sky and lightning-flashes. It fulfils Miranda's description, and is a work of the highest poetry, executed with the greatest feeling and skill. Inskip has half-a-dozen rich paintings. No. 180, "The Poppy of Andalusia," as splendid an example of colour as ever was put on canvass. Lauce has as many fruit-pieces, perfect of their kind.

And running our eye hastily over our jotted catalogue, we, at the risk of omitting equal merit, would point to Frazer, No. 201, "Love in the Highlands;" Simson, No. 1, "Highland Girl with Goats and Collie;" R. S. Lauder, No. 62, "Dick Tinto," and a portrait of Scott as "Peter Pattison" (a very interesting picture); No. 83, "The Temptation," A. Johnston;—as felicitous borrowings from the natural and picturesque North, unluckily unrepresented by E. Landseer in this Exhibition. Several fair things, after the manner of Watteau, are very pleasing. Etty is in full force, and delicious in colour,—see especially 115. But the darkness overtakes us, and we can only add, vide No. 14, "Xanthus," G. Scharf; No. 34, "The Falconer's Pet," J. Cook; No. 35, "An Italian Peasant Girl," E. V. Rippington; No. 41, "Interior of Church at Loches," A. E. Goodall; No. 56, "Train up a Child," &c., Lucas (a very pleas-

ing domestic lesson); No. 67, "Cathedral at Limburg," C. R. Stanley; No. 78, "Gaston de Foix," F. R. Pickersgill; No. 106, "Pleasing Intelligence," T. Clater; No. 134 (a very interesting and characteristic composition), "The Brittany Conscript leaving Home," F. Goodall; No. 156, "Head of Madonna," Mrs. Carpenter; No. 177; No. 191, "Frost Scene," C. Branwhite (a new name and a very clever picture); No. 235, "Interior," G. F. Hering; No. 273, "The Watering Place," G. Hancock (oddly put together, but with parts to make three cabinet pictures of animal life); No. 278, "Sea View," W. A. Knell (another name unknown to us, and of high promise here); No. 282, "Scene from Undine," W. Rimer, with many beauties; No. 295, a very sweet "Roadside Sketch," by Rothwell; No. 275; and "Morning," by G. Browning. Where we have failed to mention others of like deserts, we hope to be pardoned, and the *amende* looked for in other *Gazettes*.

FINE ARTS OF SCOTLAND.

Scottish Art and National Encouragement, &c. Pp. 250. Edinburgh and London, Blackwoods. The controversies which have long distracted the Scottish School of Arts, and the disputes between the Academy and the Royal Institution and Board of Trustees, have here been gathered into a head, and we trust brought to the fashionable end of every thing in our times—a crisis. That nothing but evil to the character of the people and to the successful cultivation of the Fine Arts of the country can be the result of their continuance, must be obvious to every observer; and it behoves all who have a regard for either, to stop, if possible, this gangrene, so fatal to the social improvement and general weal.

That the Scottish Academy can or ought to be any longer subordinate to a junta of amateurs, however elevated in station, seems to be a perfectly untenable proposition. If the nation cannot produce a national body fit and strong enough to sustain the ground it has undertaken to occupy, it had better fall at once, or pause till better times, when genius may be more ripe. But to suppose, on the presumption of inadequacy, that such an institution can be nursed and propped up by dubious and intermeddling patronage, is too ridiculous. How the quarrel may terminate, it is beyond our second sight to guess; but we feel assured, that it must be beneficial to the Academy, with Sir William Allan at its head, to have separated itself, even by rupture, from the viceregal-incubus which has brooded over its earlier years. It has high names upon its rolls, it has thews and sinews to sustain itself at home and on the wider stage of European competition; and it is a sorrowful thing to witness a blight thrown upon it by those 'most bound to cherish and exalt it.'

To be truly great, the Arts and Artists must be truly Independent!

We will not trouble our readers with the details here given of all the means adopted to render them the reverse of this in Edinburgh. Here (says the preface) "they are found smarting under the application of a most contemptuous style of address—charged with most odious deviations from truth, as well as other grave offences—and threatened with a most damaging attack upon their material interests. It is but justice, however, to observe, that these insults and injuries have emanated, not from the members in general of the patronal bodies, but from that small number of individuals into whose hands the management of such institutions seems invariably to gravitate; and who, when dressed in a little brief authority, are so often ready to 'play fantastic tricks' in all the confidence of a practical irresponsibility." * * The most important matter, however, which is discussed in these pages relates to the position and duties of the Royal Institution in the very peculiar circumstances in which that society is now placed. The author has maintained that the interests of Scottish art and the demands of true equity all re-

quire the immediate extinction of this society, and the transfer of its property to the Scottish Academy. In a few days after this publication will have issued from the press, the annual meeting of the Royal Institution will be held. The members of that body generally are persons of the highest standing and respectability, who feel the warmest and most patriotic interest in every thing which concerns the honour and advantage of their country, who would be delighted to promote, in every legitimate way, the views of the Scottish artists, and who would never consent that the society to which they belong should remain in any equivocal position as regards either the true interests of art, or the honourable and efficient discharge of every duty incumbent upon it."

If these sound principles are not acted upon, well may we say with Macduff, "Stand Scotland where it did!" and "Alas, poor country!" But we trust that, as in the rest of the empire, the Scottish artists will not only be emancipated from a degrading thralldom, and allowed to manage their own affairs, but that what has notoriously been designed for their interests and encouragement will not be perverted into instruments for their annoyance and oppression. The Academy has been stigmatised with "making 'four statements entirely unfounded in fact, two of which could not fail to be known by the President and Council of the Royal Scottish Academy to be so at the time they were written;' and as if to put their meaning beyond all doubt, it is added, that even to have made such statements 'without inquiry' would have been 'most highly culpable; but what can be said of persons like the President and Council of the Royal Scottish Academy, who, when the imputation in question was made, knew well it was without a shadow of foundation,' &c. The circumlocution is quite unequivocal, and amounts precisely to a very short and well-known word."

The refutation of this calumny in the volume before us is very, if not altogether, complete; and we only hesitate the momentary reservation because at this distance we are not so particularly cognizant of some of the slighter circumstances as clearly to understand them or comprehend their bearings on the main questions at issue. But we entirely coincide with the writer:

"The position in which the Board and the Institution have placed themselves towards the artists ought, in truth, to involve the extinction of one or other of the combatants. If the Scottish Academy are 'guilty as libelled,' they deserve no better fate; if, on the other hand, they are perfectly innocent, it must follow that their accusers are wholly unfit for the public function which they profess to discharge, and are fiercely obstructing what it ought to be the chief purpose of their corporate existence to promote. Nor can we avoid saying—even anterior to any discussion of the aspersions on the Academy—that the style of writing adopted by these honourable and royal bodies is completely at variance with any models of official correspondence that have fallen under our observation. Sure we are that, if the paltriest incorporation had a misunderstanding with the deacon and council of a kindred society, the correspondence would be more courteous and dignified than that of those bodies of 'high consideration' on which we have felt called on to animadvert. A charge of wilful falsehood is ever to be avoided, if at all possible, and either a more charitable construction adopted, or the facts left to speak for themselves. Looking to the character of the Academy as a body, and to the much-respected names composing its council, we must regard such charges against them not only as singularly ill advised, but as, on the very face of them, incredible and absurd."

The disputes turn upon the appropriation and then negation of the building of the Institution to the annual exhibition of Scottish art—to an alleged concealment and misapplication of funds raised by those exhibitions—and to the absorption, upon

technical points, of a considerable legacy left by Mr. Spalding, which the Academy contend ought in honour and equity to be handed over to them, but which the Institution retains on

"The good old plan,
That he maun had wha has the grip,
And he may catch wha can."

Into these local points, as we have observed, it would be inexpedient for us to enter, as they could little interest many of our readers out of Scotland; but we may add, that the arguments in many parts affect the state of the arts throughout the civilised world. And surely it cannot be denied, even were the academic arguments and refutations less cogent than they are, that it would be the most gracious and patriotic course in those noble and elevated persons, either directly or indirectly, actively or passively, opposed to them, to consider that, after all that has been said or done, and be the triumph of controversy how it may, the one single grand object ought to be, to foster, encourage, and raise to the highest accessible pitch the Native, National, and Living School of their Country.

If aught could partially militate against this right and noble course, it might perhaps be discovered in the tone of this volume; for though the author cites plenty of provocation, we are not certain that the abundant use of ridicule in return is the most judicious salve for the abatement of angry feelings and the healing of differences. Men forgive abuse sooner than contemptuous treatment: but listen to the war to the knife, of satire which cuts most when keenest, and yet leaves wounds that are not quickly cured.

"The fine arts not being necessary for the support of life, or even for the enjoyment of physical comfort, do not develop themselves in the earlier stages of civilisation. Neither are they, like the science of law, directly connected with the maintenance of public order, unless, perhaps, where they have been called in, as under the Roman Catholic creed, to aid a religious system of polity, and have thus received an earlier development. In the natural order of things they are the accompaniment of wealth and advanced civilisation, being the material exponent and gratification of that sense of beauty which, only under such genial circumstances, grows up into a powerful emotion, impressing an elevated and benign character on many of the works of man, and of his social and political arrangements. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they are only now establishing themselves amongst us. It is this adolescence of the fine arts which has given the opportunity for the official patrons of art in Scotland exhibiting themselves in the singular and incongruous attitude which it has been our disagreeable task to depict. Nothing can be simpler than the functions of a patron when once art has attained manhood and become *sui juris*; they are identical with those which obtain in reference to the other professions. 'The whole duty' of a patron is to give employment to able and promising artists, to buy their works, and to pay them well. We are quite aware that there are individuals who would willingly enjoy the honours of a *Mecenas* at an easier rate, and without taxing their own pockets; and fortunate it is for such persons if they live in the days when the fine arts have not yet attained maturity; but the time for such economical dignity in Scotland is fast passing away, or rather is already past. The interference of patrons, in the character of guardians, is no longer admissible, and would therefore be impertinent. The arts have come of age, and can manage themselves; and patron-guardians are as needless for them as for the worshipful fraternities of doctors, ministers, or lawyers. Let the patrons then gracefully relinquish their office, and hand over the property placed in trust under their charge; let them look with delight on the powerful and promising manhood of the stripling whom they so frequently snubbed, chastised, and stunted of his pocket-money; let them welcome him among them as a friend; and

above all, let them give him plenty of commissions and liberal remuneration. Yet it may sometimes be observed that elderly personages will not let themselves believe that their juniors have attained years of discretion, but will, when these juniors presume to speak their mind with a modest confidence, sharply rebuke them for ignorance and arrogance; and if they venture on hinting any thing in the least degree disagreeable, will roundly tax them deviating from the truth. We have known such seniors, moreover, particularly sensitive as to the slightest appearance of their pupils questioning the accuracy of their tutorial and curatorial accounts. As to that dignified old gentleman, the Royal Institution, who has so long survived in a state of suspended animation, there are not wanting significant signs of his becoming sensible that the time approaches when his exit is inevitable. What can be more befitting such a period than to take a retrospect of his past life and behaviour, to repent of all his sins, and make amends to the best of his ability? And have not we, with equal zeal and fidelity, played the part of conscience, in holding up, as in a mirror, his many past delinquencies, and thus affording him a motive and an opportunity of redressing the wrongs he may have inflicted? We would fain awake in his last days some portion of that kindly, liberal, and noble spirit which animated him in his earliest days; that so, after all, he may depart in the odour of sanctity, and men may remember only the glories of his birth and of his death, and may consign to oblivion the aggravated transgressions of his manhood and senility! As yet, however, we can only say, 'he dies and makes no sign;' for it is pretty plain that his testamentary arrangements are intended to keep up, in full vigour, the same anti-artist system which has been so rampant for the last five-and-twenty years. In the Honourable Board of Trustees the moribund institution sees a kindred spirit, whose unbroken constitution promises (perhaps fallaciously) a long-protracted existence; to that Board the custody of his treasured paintings has been confided; and means may perhaps be in contemplation for similarly disposing of the Spalding Fund. We can imagine the institution addressing his last speech and dying words to this executor, and referring with pride to his own life and conversation, as exhibiting a finished model of the mode in which artists should be dealt with and spoken to, and how they should be kept at 'arm's-length.'

On the other hand:

"Unaided as it has been, the Academy appears, notwithstanding, to have made substantial contributions to the cause of art, such as to afford a guarantee for greater efforts as its means increase, and to rescue it from the slightest imputation of being a mere benefit-society. Never was there a nobler commencement of a gallery of paintings than those Etty pictures* which we have before alluded to; and Mr. Etty must always be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the Academy, from the munificently liberal terms on which he disposed of these pictures. Wilkie's last and unfinished picture of John Knox administering the Sacrament has also been purchased, and forms at once a sacred relic and an invaluable study. Some progress has been made in accumulating a library of engravings and works of art. For several years the Academy has supported a school for the study of the living model at an expense of 100*l.* a-year. It subscribed 100 guineas towards the erection of a monument to Wilkie. In these various ways the Academy has expended a full fourth part of the whole free profits derived from its exhibitions, thus making a substantial contribution to the general advancement of art."†

* A fastidious critic, wont to object to Etty's nudities, declared that Scotland was the only country where they could be truly appreciated and relished; "for," said he, "the inhabitants and connoisseurs there are all as naked as they are, and consequently the best judges of that bare (legged, &c.) style of art."—*Ed. L. G.*

† It affords us pleasure to state that besides the friendly

Let us conclude once more with a deliberate opinion. All Associations, Commissions, or Institutions in aid of the Fine Arts, no matter under what title they act, British, Art-Union, or Royal, if not conducted by Artists themselves, may be good and beneficial Friends, but must be bad and injurious Masters.

THE ART-UNION CARTOONS.

WITH the praise we bestowed upon the cartoon of "Edward III. and Roger Mortimer," we omitted to state the name of the artist, Mr. Noel Paton, which it is but common justice to record; though his subject, with all its merits, did not strike us as the best for a painting to be distributed to subscribers. We would also take this opportunity to add a word on the cartoon of "Howard visiting the Prison," by Mr. Armitage; from which we were instantly repelled by the shocking nature of the objects represented. Yet we may acknowledge the talent displayed by the artist in this bad choice, as we did that evinced in the revolting "Plague in London," two years ago, at the Exhibition. We could wish that the non-popularity and want of success in such pictures would teach our able painters that, with the growing amelioration and refinement of civilised society, the taste must more and more increase for works which convey pleasurable or elevated sensations, in preference to those which are distressing to look upon even for a few minutes, and could hardly be endured as permanent embellishments of our residences, or even portfolios. Cruel martyrdoms were tolerated, perhaps encouraged, through religious feelings; but their counterparts in familiar life or history will never have admirers.

Another premium of 500*l.* is announced by the Art Union for the best statue or group in the art of sculpture.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Jan. 27, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—You will excuse the lapse of some posts, when I tell you that a serious indisposition has paralysed the good intention of your correspondent: and you will not complain, after all; for, thanks to this interruption, the letter of to-day includes more novelties than a weekly account could render.

I see by the curtailments of my last communication, that politics alarm you; so I will not send you the debates on the address, although it would have been agreeable to comment on the triumphs of the minister Guizot. I will extract from them one characteristic anecdote, which your essayists will call, I am sure, a sign of the times.

It was on Friday last, no later, revelations were announced for the morrow, ruinous to the *haute banque*. A Deputy—all the world named him—had promised to mount the tribune, and to disclose aloud that an offer of 300 shares at par had been made to him on the part of a high and potent railway-director. It is, of course, unnecessary to add, that in mentioning the offer, his object was to boast of his having rejected it with indignation most virtuous. "I will shake the building," said he to his friends; who, on leaving the house, echoed in dismay, "L— has said it, he will shake the building." Saturday comes: the palace stands intact, the threatening orator sits unconcerned in his place, and every one wonders at the fact! The key to contributions of former years to the Scottish Exhibition by such artists as Stanfield, Roberts, E. Landseer, and Etty, whose pictures, together with those of their eminent northern contemporaries, combined attractions so great, there has been most liberally sent for this season by Mr. Wells the finest production of Wilkie's easel, "*The Distraint for Rent*." This is a noble piece of patronage, and does honour to a gentleman through life so well known for his generous and encouraging love of British Art.—We had intended to annex to the above review a notice of collections of pictures by merchants, &c. in the west of Scotland; but must defer it till our next number, in order to be correct with names not very legible in our correspondents's MS.

this curious proceeding was not given till Sunday. A note was received on Friday night by M. L—, written in these terms:—

"Sir,—Prudence is the mother of safety; before you carry to the tribune the thunders of your accusations, be so good as to ascertain the truth of a simple fact. It is asserted that, exceedingly dissatisfied with your stoic disinterestedness, Madame L—, your wife, wrote in your name to M. de R— to retract your refusal; and the broker is mentioned who, commissioned by her to negotiate the sale of the 300 shares, has handed her a profit of 105,000 francs (about 4,000*l.*). It is added that the deputy selected to answer your attacks is possessed of all the proofs necessary to establish this fact at the tribune."

This letter, though not signed, was not to be slighted. M. L— satisfied himself that he was, against his will, too lucky a speculator to complain, and he waits a more favourable opportunity to denounce public corruption.

Let us now speak of literature. The only serious event, the only important publication within the last fortnight, is a *Commentary on the Scriptures*, by M. F. Lamennais. The celebrated author of *Indifference in Matters of Religion*, faithful to the democratic principles of which he has for fifteen years constituted himself the champion and the assiduous propagator, translates into lessons of emancipation the principles of evangelic morals. His commentaries, eloquent and passionate paraphrase, and striking expressions to this effect, "I will spare nothing and nobody"—may be thus condensed:—"The people have rights, but those rights will never, of themselves, prevail against the oppression to which they are victims. Let the people, then, prosecute with ardour the attainment of liberty, that first of blessings; let them purchase it by assiduous labour; let them deserve it by their exertions, their devotion, and sacrifices. The day must shine, the day already glimmers, when success will crown those efforts." The text of St. Mark, St. Matthew, St. Luke, and St. John is somewhat stubborn against this interpretation; but as it is presented eloquently and cleverly, nobody is tempted to expose the discrepancies. Besides, "is not every thing in every thing?" as Jacotot would say, the famous author here of a new method of teaching. And certainly we may endeavour to extract the levelling principles always to be found in all pure doctrines.

A book more directly interesting to you, by the subject of which it treats, is the *History of the Pretender, Charles Edward*. M. Amédée Pichot, who published it twelve or fifteen years ago, now gives a fourth edition of it, considerably augmented and revised, with all the conscientious care required for such works. You have on the same subject some very interesting compilations of materials, and even a tolerable history of the Scotch insurrections; but as a monograph, I do not think that a work can be cited so erudite or so complete—I will also add so amusing, as that of the director of the *Revue Britannique*. Without a doubt that book must *poser*, as we say here, him as next candidate at the French Academy; which, by the by, is deficient hitherto (with the exception of M. de Chateaubriand) in men thoroughly understanding English literature. M. Villemain himself, who so eloquently appreciates Shakespeare, is not accused of being well versed in the idiom in which the Swan of Avon wrote; and I would desire no other proof of this than his *History of Cromwell*, a work so singularly incomplete, that three or four writers are in quest of materials to write it over again. The last book of Carlyle is to be reprinted for them and for some others; at least it is to be hoped. I refer all those who speak to me of it to the entertaining articles of the *Literary Gazette*.

Before I talk of theatres, let me tell you that M. Scribe is ill, seriously ill, and mention the cause of his malady. This writer, whose pen has already given him 100,000 francs a-year (4,000*l.*), does not let it off for so little. He recently made with the

newspaper *Le Siècle* a bargain which is said to be most advantageous, for a novel in four volumes, the subject of which is borrowed from the Spanish chronicles: at first it was entitled the *Fueros d'Aragon*, but I think they have issued it under a less serious title. The novel was to come out on a given day; this was most solemnly promised to the subscribers; and, to ensure the punctual delivery of the ms., the directors of the *Siècle* had stipulated for an indemnity of 10,000 francs, should the author disappoint them. Stimulated by the dread of this important loss, M. Scribe, a few weeks behind his time, has strained every nerve, spent sleepless nights, changed his diet, and there he is now, *hors de combat*. The worst of all this is, that nobody in Paris dreams of condoling with him in his misfortune, nor admires his heroic faithfulness to his engagement. All seem convinced that, but for the impending clause to which I have alluded, the "beat paid of our wits" would not have thus endangered his precious health.

The "Second Théâtre Français" (l'Odeon) has given us, after eighteen months' study, the *Diogene* of M. Felix Pyat, of whose literary claims you are perhaps in ignorance,—for very few of our books cross the English Channel. M. Felix Pyat is known here as having long been the colleague and friend of Jules Janin, the witty *feuilletoniste*. Both were formerly in the "opposition," politically speaking: the first in the republican journals, the latter in the *Quotidienne* and other legitimist papers. As years rolled on, these two writers first seceded, then coldness ensued, till at last, one fine morning, M. Jules Janin set to, tooth and nail, cutting up a melodrama of M. Felix Pyat, *Les Deux Serruriers*. For three years did M. Felix Pyat bottle up his just rancour. At the end of that time it burst forth in an article in the *Réforme*, where, under colour of defending the memory of Joseph Marie Chénier (the republican poet), M. Felix Pyat, taking in hand the entire work of M. Jules Janin, heaped upon him the most bitter reproaches. The honour of the man was at least fully as much called into question as the works of the writer; and the conclusions set forth in this attack were so terrible, that all the *bonhomie*, all the *laissez-aller*, which M. Jules Janin parades willingly enough, were of no avail to him. His friends, besides, urged him to obtain some satisfaction. The outraged critic sought redress at the hands of the tribunals; and these, nothing loath to shew severity in a case of libel, especially when it attacked the *protégés* of the ministry, inflicted on M. Felix Pyat a degree of punishment which public opinion has considered excessive: he was condemned to six months' imprisonment, the term of which sentence he is now fulfilling.

On his play I would willingly converse leisurely, did not the limits of our correspondence forbid any lengthened analysis. Let me tell you briefly, that it is eccentric and witty. The author supposes that Diogenes, once clad in the rags of the cynic, excites the curiosity of the fair Aspasia. She prefers him to the handsomest, to the richest Athenian, and inspires him with a love as pure in its motives as it is violent in its manifestations. For her he abandons his cynical life; for her he becomes ambitious; for her, in a word, he would make any sacrifice, save that which she herself would refuse at any cost—the sacrifice of his honour and of his convictions. Alcibiades, envying the preference shewn by Aspasia for Diogenes, brings against her an accusation of sacrilege; and a mercenary advocate undertakes to make the falsehood prevail. Luckily for Aspasia, she has a clever counsellor in Laïs, who, in love herself with Alcibiades, demurely counteracts all his plans to please her rival. Aspasia, with the help of Laïs, exposes the subtleties of the advocate Hyperboles; and Diogenes, laying aside his lantern, at once declares that he has found "the person he wanted:" this is no other than Aspasia, whom he marries.

The chief merit of this lengthy drama lies not, you may see, in the plot itself, but rather in the

interest of each scene taken as an isolated one, and that interest is mostly satirical. Under the pretence of censuring the *mœurs*, M. Felix Pyat has not hesitated to come down à bras raccourci upon our Parisian follies. In some instances he has done this coarsely, but in others he has displayed much wit and spirit. *Diogenes* is a piece which might (save in some passages, which would alarm the susceptible feelings of your chaste readers) safely pass into the columns of your journal.

The exhibition which I mentioned to you as soon to open for the benefit of the Artists' Association, is now much in vogue. Crowds gather in the *salons* of the Boulevard Bonne-nouvelle, to admire eleven paintings of M. Ingres (some of them, indeed, very remarkable), and a good number of other paintings taken from private collections. MM. Marcotte, Marille, Firmin Didot, have given their best works; and your countryman, Lord Seymour, has followed their example. The paintings most admired are: La Chapelle Sixtine, Stratonice, two Odaliques, and the portrait of Madame d'Haussonville (Mademoiselle de Broglie), by M. Ingres; two or three sketches of Gericaul's, and the portrait of M. Barre (the engraver of medallions), by M. Gros. The latter portrait is a rival to the best Van Dykes. *Arropos* of the portrait of Madame d'Haussonville, it has given birth to a pointed satire. M. Ingres has exaggerated, according to some people of taste, the expression of coquettish grace which is a charming feature in the original. Some critic, while she praised the portrait, said: "You may tell M. Ingres that he has made a *prospectus* equally seductive—and engaging." I do not know whether you will be enabled to catch the fugitive piquancy of this fine sarcasm; but I give it as a sample of the wit current in our society.

And now I will recapitulate, in a few words, our chronicles in dancing. Messrs. de Rothschild have inaugurated the season by two magnificent *fêles*; one a ball, where our fashionables have congregated in crowds; the other a concert, supported by Grisi, Lablache, Mario, and Persiani. By the way, speaking of Grisi, it is said that her re-engagement cannot take place with the conditions which she has imposed, and that her secession would occasion the retirement of Mario. Our *dilettanti* are terrified. Still, yesterday, at the end of the *Matrimonio Segreto*, performed for the benefit of Lablache, many *charges* were indulged in 'twixt pit and actors. One of these was a crown, thrown to the *bénéficiaire*; a wreath large enough to be used by him as a belt. You have no idea of the ridiculous appearance exhibited by that enormous paunch transformed into a flowery bower.

This, my dear sir, is a long letter. May it ingratiate me with those readers whom you may have disappointed through any fault of mine!

GERMANY.

AN ESSAY ON "SCHNADAHÜPFLN."

We can fancy to ourselves the reader looking again and again at the word that heads this paper, and wondering what it possibly may mean—whether it be bird, beast, or fish, or some other creature, monstrous compound perhaps of all three, hitherto unknown. Did we dare, we would try too to picture to our imagination the look of the learned Editor on opening our present communication; and were it not bordering on profanation to suppose such a thing, inasmuch as no editor was ever yet known to have been puzzled, we should deem it not unlikely that even his countenance might betray an inability to explain its meaning. Be ours, then, the pleasant task to set forth the properties and excellencies of our own wares, trusting that they may find favour, humble though they be.

In the highlands of Bavaria, as is the case in all mountainous districts, the customs and amusements of the inhabitants are as different from those who dwell in the plain, as the pursuits and mode of life of the latter are necessarily different from those of the mountaineer. Separated, except by occasional intercourse, for many months in the year from the

world beneath them, the herdsman and the hunter must be content with pleasures simple in themselves, and easy of attainment. Hence that peculiar song ("Zodeln") with which the lonely milkmaid of the chalet, the woodcutter or the hunter, "drives the lagging hours along," and breaks the awful silence of mountain solitude. As soon, however, as a few men and lasses are assembled, they have not to seek long for amusement. Then begins the merry dance peculiar to these people, mingled with song; and should the number be too small to afford them this their favourite recreation, then the cherished and dearly-loved cithern is soon upon the table, and accompanying with its simple, unassuming melody some equally simple love-ditty or song of hunting life. The affection the peasantry bear towards this instrument is very great. Its tones affect them more, certainly, than an instrument of greater pretensions would have power to do.

"Well, faith, it is the strangest thing!
What's in a cithern's tone?
It moves the heart, and makes it sad,
As I've heard many own.
And then it is so sweet and gay,
And sounds in merry style;
'Tis just as though one bravely laughed,
And yet did weep the while."

But the most peculiar kind of song, and a very favourite pastime of the people throughout Bavaria, particularly in the southern parts, in Swabia, the Tyrol, Upper Austria, and Styria, are the so-called "Schnadahüpfen." These songs consist of short verses, not unlike the couplets of the French, and generally contain some figurative comparison, taken from external nature, or from the occupations and pleasures of the hunter or the husbandman, and are always of a humorous, gay, or sportive character. By far the greater number have love for their theme, and describe the lover or his "dearie," some love-adventure, or a lover's grief. With regard to the form of the "Schnadahüpfen," it ought, strictly speaking, to consist of not more than four lines, in which a thought, complete in itself, and, as we said before, a comparison, should be expressed. Occasionally, the expression of what is wished to be said is extended to two verses; but seldom are more employed. It is material that the lines should rhyme; and so particular is the singer that his verse should flow musically, that not unfrequently two of the four lines have no reference to the principal thought, but are introduced merely for the sake of the jingle. These verses are, as may be supposed, very simple, but some are extremely beautiful; and when sung to music, the cithern is the instrument chosen, more particularly in the mountains, where the best and freshest songs of this description are to be heard.

When many persons are together, the way of singing them is as follows: one begins, and then the others sing each a "Schnadahüpfen" in succession; but each one ought either to be an answer to that which preceded, or, from an allusion made to something in the foregoing one, to spring, as it were, from it, and in this way form a connexion between the two. These verses are very frequently extempore; and there are some persons who for hours will continue thus singing against each other, till a succession of strophes have arisen, each one separate and complete in itself, yet, like beads on a string, forming part of a whole, and having reference to the rest. When such a trial of skill has commenced, he who at last can think of nothing more to say, and is consequently unable to sing his "Schnadahüpfen" in reply, is heartily laughed at by the rest, while shouts of applause reward the other for his ability and wit.

As we observed lately, when speaking on the same subject (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1514), it is almost impossible to render such verse in another language, and quite so to do it justice. In the original, the words are often much abbreviated; and when read or sung, run so much one into the other,

that a line sounds but as a single word.* We shall, however, give some specimens in English, beginning with those that tell what are the characteristics of a "Schnadahüpfli":

1.
A good Schnadahüpfli
Must be bold and daring;
Must climb the high mountains,
For no danger caring.

2. and 3.
A good Schnadahüpfli
Is a bird in a wood—
If drooping and moaning,
A sign that's not good.
For a good Schnadahüpfli
Is the dance of a song;
And a sorrowful dance, faith,
It does not last long.

4.
And a good Schnadahüpfli
Leads a right merry life,
Like an old wandering sifer
Gladdens all with his life.

5.
And a good Schnadahüpfli
Is a flower of the field;
True, 'tis not much heeded,
Yet all like the child.

6.
I want but a floweret,
No posy want I;
And a kiss now and then too
You must not deny.

7.
Now, don't ye refuse me—
I've only had two!
Now give me the third kiss,
'Tis no good to you.

8.
And as true as clouds oft dim
The blue sky above,
So as true without jealousy
Never was love.

9.
And love has a language
That's every where known;
And when that's no more spoken
The sun will fall down.

10.
If every star there
Were but a fair lass,
I wish the whole sky then
Would fall in the grass.

11.
The Turk and the Russian
Are nothing to me,
If only my Nanny
And I do agree.

12.
And green is a fir-tree
Right all the year through;
And a love that is happy
Must be constant too.

13.
And were there no flowers,
The bees' life were sad;
And were there no lasses,
The lads would go mad.

14.
And a blossom don't grow
On a dry withered stump;
And you can't sing a song
If your heart's a dead lump.

15.
A bore will not often
Do wonders, I ween;
Just in wild dashing waters
The rainbow is seen.

16. and 17.
A mind that is happy
Is a sunny day,
Where all round is brightness,
But look where you may.
And a mind not contented
Is rain, fog, and haze,
Where you see nothing pleasing
Wherever you gaze.†

* For example:

M' Tanna is grea',
Zu's Zahr und u Zahr ti',
Und a' freutigi Lieb'
Wua's a' b'ständig fep'.

† These are all taken from a little book containing nothing but "Schnadahüpfli," by F. von Kobell, which has just appeared. It is prettily illustrated by a gentleman of Munich, the Count Pöckl; and would afford much pleasure to any one who, knowing German, might wish to make himself acquainted with one of its dialects.

With the exception of the first six verses, we have not taken the "Schnadahüpfli" in the order observed in the original; yet in our selection we have endeavoured to make choice of such as, when strung together, would follow each other in the proper order, and have been anxious, too, to give those whose character was most decidedly marked. The attentive reader will certainly have observed, that in No. 6 the singer has seized on the "flower" mentioned in the preceding verse, as a subject on which to form his stanza; and having introduced something about a kiss, he who follows weaves it, as it were, into his verse, of which he makes it the subject. Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13, do not so visibly spring one from the other, though the theme is still the same in each. Nos. 14, 15, 16, and 17 refer, again, to one and the same subject—the blessing of a happy and contented disposition. We have strung a few more together, taken almost at random from the collection before us.

A tree's not an emperor,
Yet has it a crown.
And the birds and gold-chafers
The jewels thereon.

Though young be the oak, yet
At one glance you see
That 'twill be something more than
A poor willow-tree.

And a brook finds its way on
Without much ado;
And a lad finds his lassie
If his love's really true.

Fidelity's often
Like a Schnadahüpfli,—
Before you can look round,
'Tis done or gone by.

And often fidelity's
Like a stag's horn,—
Lost quickly, nor soon found
When once it is torn.

In some parts these "Schnadahüpfli" are sung during the dance. One of the dancers—he generally who leads off the figure—advances then to the music, sings his verse, returns to his place, and the dance is continued as before.

Such, then, is one of the favourite pastimes of the Bavarian mountaineer. No description, however, can give an adequate idea of the merry scene when on a holiday such a party has met together. The youths, with their picturesque dresses, and hats proudly decked with the feathers of the black-cock, and a tuft of long hair from the throat of some sturdy chamois or noble hart, with a gay posy peeping from among these trophies of the chase; the village maidens, with their gay boddices of brightest colours, bordered with gold and laced with chains of silver, to which hang medals of the same metal,—their high green hats, trimmed with bright flowers and tasselled cord of gold and green,—their light-brown hair in ample braids, shewing itself beneath the broad rim of the hat,—the shrill cry which from time to time is sent forth in moments of wild hilarity,—the snapping of fingers with which, castanet-like, they keep time during the dance, and, heard above all the noise, the cithern's tones, like those of an Æolian harp,—all together tends to form a scene of rural festivity, to which, for picturesqueness of appearance, or for good hearty fellowship, it would not be easy to find a parallel.

That our description may be complete, we add the melody to which the "Schnadahüpfli" is sung.



ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

THE OREGON QUESTION!!!

We imagine we see our readers stare at such a "heading" as the above, and hear them exclaim, "What can the *Literary Gazette* (which eschews politics) have to do with the Oregon Question?"

Patience, readers! We are not going to discuss with Mr. Alexander Simpson, late British Resident there,* the claims of the rival Governments, in which he contends that England, with a good right to the whole, claims only a part; whilst the Americans, with no right to any part, claim the whole.† Neither are we going to discuss the demonstration by Mr. E. J. Wallace, of Bombay,‡ that of international law, through which he concludes that the only method for settling the contest amicably is to adopt the topographical *status quo*, a *bona fide* occupation of the subjects and citizens of the two countries. Nor are we going to bring forward the curious little "Comparative Chronological Statement," which (we believe) accompanies Mr. Wyld's Map of these territories; and which is at once one of the briefest and clearest expositions of the case.

* Pp. 60. R. Bentley.

† An extent of coast of nearly 1000 miles, and of an average breadth of 300.

‡ Pp. 39. London, A. Maxwell and Son.

But we are going to mention an American pamphlet, of which we presume there are very few copies in England, and which, from the occasion out of which it sprung, and the spirit in which it is written, and the eloquence of some of its diction, and its remarkable argument as a transatlantic production, entitle it, we think, to the notice we are about to bestow upon it, and a place under this division of our literary miscellany. The title is, "*The True Grandeur of Nations; an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845.*" By Charles Sumner.*

The speaker is a zealous apostle for universal peace, and an enemy to war upon any account, and he carries these opinions to an extreme length. These, however, we have no call to investigate; and we merely turn to him for what he addressed to the wealthy, important, and intelligent City of Boston, on the Oregon dispute, in an Oration delivered on the glorified anniversary of American Independence.

"On this anniversary (he finely and justly says) it becomes us, as patriots and citizens, to turn our thoughts inward, as the good man dedicates his birth-day to the consideration of his character, and the mode in which its vices may be corrected and its virtues strengthened. Avoiding, then, all exultation in the prosperity that has enriched our land, and in the extending influence of the blessings of freedom, it will be proper to consider what we can do to elevate our character, to add to the happiness of all, and to attain to that righteousness which exalteth a nation. In this spirit, I propose to inquire what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition—what is truly national glory—national honour—what is the true grandeur of nations."

"The subject (he, a patriotic American citizen, continues) will raise us to the contemplation of things that are not temporary or local in their character; but which belong to all ages and all countries; which are as lofty as truth, as universal as humanity. But it derives a peculiar interest, at this moment, from transactions in which our country has become involved. On the one side, by an act of unjust legislation, extending our power over Texas, we have endangered peace with Mexico; while, on the other, by a presumptuous assertion of a disputed claim to a worthless territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, we have kindled anew, on the hearth of our mother country, the smothered fires of hostile strife. Mexico and England both aver the determination to vindicate what is called the national honour; and the dread arbitrament of war is calmly contemplated by our government, provided it cannot obtain what is called an honourable peace. Far be from our country and our age the sin and shame of contests hateful in the sight of God and all good men, having their origin in no righteous though mistaken sentiment, in no true love of country, in no generous thirst for fame, that last infirmity of noble minds, but springing in both cases from an ignorant and ignoble passion for new territories; strengthened, in one case, by an unnatural desire, in this land of boasted freedom, to fasten by new links the chains which promise soon to fall from the limbs of the unhappy slave! In such contests, God has no attribute which can join with us. Who believes that the national honour will be promoted by a war with Mexico or England? What just man would sacrifice a single human life, to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon? It was an ancient Roman, touched, perhaps, by a transient gleam of Christian truth, who said, when he turned aside from a career of Asiatic conquest, that he would rather save the life of a single citizen than become master of all the dominions of Mithridates. A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly; but with England it would be at least bold, though parricidal. The heart

sickens at the murderous attack upon an enemy, distracted by civil feuds, weak at home, impotent abroad; but it recoils in horror from the deadly shock between children of a common ancestry, speaking the same language, soothed in infancy by the same words of love and tenderness, and hardened into vigorous manhood under the bracing influence of institutions drawn from the same ancient founts of freedom. 'Curam acuebat, quod adversus Latinos bellandum erat, lingua, moribus, armorum genere, institutis ante omnia militaribus congruentibus; milites militibus, centurionibus centuriones, tribuni tribunus compares, collegæque, iisdem præsidii, sæpe iisdem manipulis permixti fuerant.' In our age there can be no peace that is not honourable; there can be no war that is not dishonourable."

After farther illustrations from ancient history and philosophy, Mr. Sumner says: "Let us now consider more particularly the effects or consequences of this resort to brute force, in the pursuit of justice. The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries, the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace, would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse which have become woven into a thick web would be suddenly snapped asunder; friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters which each fortnight are speeded, from this port alone, across the sea, could no longer be sent, and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation? But this is little compared with what must follow. This is only the first portentous shadow of the disastrous eclipse, the twilight usher of thick darkness, that is to cover the whole heavens, as with a pall, to be broken only by the blazing lightnings of the battle and the siege."

These horrors are illustrated by the siege of Badajoz, and other terrible portions of the late Peninsular war, and other conflicts full of misery: and a striking argument is raised upon the chances of war being alike for the right and the wrong, and its being ineffectual to secure or advance the object at which it aims.

"I think (he proceeds to say) that it has already appeared with distinctness approaching demonstration, that the professed object of war, which is justice between nations, is in no respect promoted by war; that force is not justice, nor in any way conducive to justice; that the eagles of victory can be only the emblems of successful force, and not of established right. Justice can be obtained only by the exercise of the reason and judgment; but these are silent in the din of arms. Justice is without passion; but war lets loose all the worst passions of our nature, while 'high arbiters Chance more embroils the fray.' The age has passed in which a nation, within the enchanted circle of civilisation, will make war upon its neighbour for any professed purpose of booty or vengeance. It does 'nought in hate, but all in honour.' There are professions of tenderness even which mingle with the first mutterings of the dismal strife. Each of the two Governments, as if conscience-struck at the abyss into which it is about to plunge, seeks to fix on the other the charge of hostile aggression, and to assume to itself the ground of defending some right; some stolen Texas; some distant worthless Oregon. Like Pontius Pilate, it vainly washes its hands of innocent blood, and straightway allows a crime at which the whole heavens are darkened, and two kindred people are severed, as the veil of the temple was rent in twain. The

various modes which have been proposed for the determination of disputes between nations are, negotiation, arbitration, mediation, and a congress of nations; all of them practicable and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Let it not be said, then, that war is a necessity; and may our country aim at the true glory of taking the lead in the recognition of these, as the only proper modes of determining justice between nations! Such a glory, unlike the earthly fame of battles, shall be immortal as the stars, dropping perpetual light upon the souls of men! * * * Our community frowns with indignation upon the profaneness of the duel, which has its rise in this irrational point of honour. But are they aware that they themselves indulge the sentiment, on a gigantic scale, when they recognise what is called the honour of the country as a proper ground for war? We have already seen that justice is in no respect promoted by war. Is true honour promoted where justice is not? But the very word 'honour,' as used by the world, does not express any elevated sentiment. How infinitely below the sentiment of duty! * * *

Be ours a standard of conduct derived, not from the degradation of our nature, though it affects the semblance of sensibility and refinement, but having its sources in the loftiest attributes of man, in truth, in justice, in duty; and may this standard, which governs our relations to each other, be recognised among the nations! When shall we behold the dawning of that happy day, harbinger of infinite happiness beyond, in which nations shall feel that it is better to receive a wrong than to do a wrong? Apply this principle to our relations with England at this moment. Suppose that proud monarchy, refusing all submission to negotiation or arbitration, should absorb the whole territory of Oregon into her own overgrown dominions, and add, at the mouth of the Columbia River, a new morning drum-beat to the national airs with which she has encircled the earth; who then is in the attitude of the truest honour—England, who has appropriated, by an unjust act, what is not her own, or the United States, the victim of the injustice?"

The monstrous expense, both in the new world and the old, in keeping up war-peace establishments, for sea or land, is viewed statistically, and the following remarkable summary is given: "It appears that the average expenditures of the Federal Government for the six years ending with 1840, exclusive of payments on account of debt, were \$26,474,892; of this sum, the average appropriation each year for military and naval purposes amounted to \$21,328,903, being eighty per cent of the whole amount! Yes; of all the income which was received by the Federal Government, eighty cents in every dollar was applied in this useless way. The remaining ten cents sufficed to maintain the Government, the administration of justice, our relations with foreign nations, the light-houses which shed their cheerful signals over the rough waves which beat upon our long and indented coast, from the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the Mississippi. Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States, in the scale of the nations, for military preparations in time of peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts. These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of Government; in Austria, as 33 per cent; in France, as 38 per cent; in Prussia, as 44 per cent; in Great Britain as 74 per cent; in the United States, as 80 per cent. To these superfluous expenditures of the Federal Government are to be added the still larger and equally superfluous expenses of the militia throughout the country, which have been placed at \$50,000,000 a year. By a table of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the public debt, it appears that, in the 53 years from the formation of our present Government in 1789 down to 1843, there have been \$246,620,055 spent for civil purposes, comprehending the expenses of the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post-office,

* Pp. 104. Boston, J. H. Eastburn, City Printer. [If we dared venture a nominal pun, when the disposition for war of the Western States is considered, we might say it is East-burn against West-burn.]

light-houses, and intercourse with foreign governments. During this same period there have been \$368,526,594 devoted to the military establishment, and \$170,437,684 to the naval establishment; the two forming an aggregate of \$538,964,278. Deducting from this sum the appropriations during three years of war, and we shall find that more than four hundred millions were absorbed by vain preparations in time of peace for war. Add to this amount a moderate sum for the expenses of the militia during the same period, which a candid and able writer places at present at \$50,000,000 a year; for the past years we may take an average of \$25,000,000, and we shall have the enormous sum of \$1,335,000,000 to be added to the \$400,000,000; the whole amounting to seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars, a sum beyond the conception of human faculties, sunk under the sanction of the government of the United States in mere peaceful preparations for war; more than seven times as much as was dedicated by the Government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever. From this serious array of figures the mind instinctively retreats."

With this we conclude our extracts, which shew at least that one portion of the Union is opposed to the war-mania of the other; and suggest considerations of great moment at this doubtful and threatening epoch. Towards the conclusion of his oration, Mr. Sumner invoked the memory of Washington, not as an incentive to war, but as upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country in his later years; and this we make an excuse for introducing (consistently with this head of the *Lit. Gaz.*) an anecdote of that great man, quaintly told, which we have in MS., and which we believe has not previously been published in England or America.

STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the year 1786, Mr. Trinius, auditor to the Prussian regiment of infantry at Magdeburg, went to New York, upon the invitation of his uncle, Christian Hildebrand Trinius, a senator of that city, who, being advanced in years, had promised to make him heir to his fortune, amounting to ten thousand pounds. For this purpose he gave up his place, and embarked with his wife at Hamburg. When he arrived in New York, they sought his uncle's house, where, to their astonishment, they heard from a young man (a Mr. Pell) that the relative had died four weeks before, and had left his whole estate to the American republic, and bequeathed his house for an orphan-house. Mr. Trinius and his wife, who were so cruelly disappointed, and were now possessed of only a small sum which they had received from the sale of their furniture, were near to despair. This distressed Mr. Pell so much, that he introduced them to his father, as member of the magistracy, in the hope that he might have it in his power to do something for them. The parents of young Mr. Pell received Trinius and his wife kindly; but old Mr. Pell assured them, that, from the nature of the last will, Mr. Trinius could hope nothing. He shewed him the papers left by his uncle; and it appeared from them, that it was only a few days after he had received from his nephew the certain news of his departure and voyage, that he made this will to his disadvantage, merely out of revenge, because the deceased had formerly a dispute with the father of the auditor Trinius, about an inheritance, and the lawsuit which ensued was decided against him in all the courts. Old Mr. Pell advised Mr. Trinius, as a last resource, to go to Philadelphia, and apply to General Washington, who was appointed executor of the will—this being the only way to do something for his advantage; and Mr. Pell offered to take care of his wife during his absence. Mr. Trinius travelled by water to Philadelphia, went to Washington, was admitted, and acquainted him with his misfortune. Washington listened with great attention, shook his head with an air of displeasure several times, and his eagle-

eye seemed as if it would look through the soul of the narrator. He asked several questions, which must have involved an impostor in contradictions, and perhaps have embarrassed a person who was fearful or thoughtless. Mr. Trinius answered all his questions precisely, with presence of mind, and to Washington's satisfaction. Now he asked him for the papers, to which he had not before attached any value, not having deigned to cast a look upon them, though Trinius had referred to them several times at the beginning of their conversation. Washington read them carefully, looked at Trinius frequently with an expression of sorrow, and then leaped up from the sofa, exclaiming—

"G—damn the old scoundrel."

His eyes sparkled so fiercely with anger, that Trinius stepped back some paces, alarmed. "Your uncle was a rascal, and has deceived you in the most shameful manner. I shall feel eternally ashamed of having loved such a villain as one of my best friends, and that he could have blinded me for so many years. You have lost your place and your promised inheritance—nothing is more certain than this. No man in the world is able to help you; I can do nothing but pity you. The whole fortune of your deceased uncle justly belongs to you, but not a shilling—it grieves me to the soul to tell you—you will not, and cannot, ever receive a shilling of it. The Republic—I say, the Republic—is made heir; and in this case the motto, as upon the gold coin of Brunswick in your part of the world, is, *nunquam retrorsum*. If a private person had been the heir, the whole fortune should have been delivered to you, as sure as my name is Washington; but now, as I tell you, you have lost your ten thousand pounds, and are, in a scandalous manner, plunged into misery. No heathen would have committed such a villainous act; a cannibal would scarcely have been capable of it. I sincerely pity you; but I pity the Republic no less, for this blood-money cannot possibly prosper the treasury. The curse of Heaven, and the tears of you and your wife, rest upon it. However, do not despair," added Washington, seeing that Trinius began to weep bitterly; "the Americans are compassionate, and it will excite general abhorrence that one of our people could be guilty of such a wicked deed. Remain here for some days; meantime, I will make your misfortune known, and set a subscription on foot for you. I hope to procure you a liberal contribution, so that you will be at least saved from the distress which threatens you, and God will assist you farther."

Trinius could do nothing better than follow this advice, and remain still for some days in Philadelphia. Four days after, Washington sent for him. "Here," said he, "I have obtained something for you by subscription." Saying this, he gave him 600 guineas, with a look full of compassion and joy at being able to confer a benefit; he had himself contributed more than the half. After this he continued, "Stay here; I give you my word you shall not die for want. We all abhor the wickedness of your uncle; and as you understand the English so well, and are, besides, a man of learning, you may in time obtain a place which would perhaps produce the interest of the sum of which you have been deprived."

Trinius begged time to consider. In the possession of 600 guineas, he thought that he could do better in his own country. He again waited on Washington, and acquainted him with his resolution. Washington replied, "In the name of God, return to Europe. God be with you; but if you complain there of the cruel and inhuman action of your uncle, do not forget to observe, that in America they abhorred his wickedness, and have shewn the greatest compassion towards your misfortune." At these words he shook hands with him, and tears sparkled in his eyes.

Trinius remained a week longer in Philadelphia, where he dined every day with Washington. On taking leave, he made him a present of a gold repeater, embraced him, and wished him good for-

tune in Europe, that he might the sooner forget what he had lost by the perfidy of a vile American, who, however (which was some consolation to him and the republic), was not an American by birth. He concluded with the following words: "If you find, my dear sir, that you do not succeed in Europe, which, however, I do not fear, you know where the little American republic lies; you know where you may find your friend Washington. This is a title which I give to very few men. Farewell, my friend; may you have a happy voyage. Remember our agreement—*Ubi bene ibi patria*."

Washington now hastened into his cabinet, without giving Trinius time to answer; and the latter returned to New York, where he was received by Mr. Pell and his family in the most friendly manner. They too endeavoured to persuade him to remain in America, but he was resolved to return to Europe. As all their persuasions availed nothing, he embarked. The family of Mr. Pell had secretly sent on board of the ship, with the baggage of Trinius, a chest containing 1 cwt. of coffee, 1 cwt. of sugar, 1 cwt. of rice, 25 lbs. of fine tea, 50 bottles of port wine, 50 bottles of rum, and 1000 lemons. This family had also paid 25 guineas for the whole expense of the voyage of Trinius and his wife from New York to Hamburg, and all this though they were not rich.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE POET'S CORNER.

To our proud town of London a young poet came,
His heart beating high with the fond hope of fame;
His first steps to Westminster's cloister he bent:
On the great names of England his thoughts were intent;
And he said with a smile, as he gazed with a sigh
On the tombs of the mighty who never can die,
"While this corner on earth to their ashes is given,
There's a corner too kept for their spirits in Heaven!"

Our planet is pleasant—its daughters are fair,
But with beauty and joy there is sorrow and care;
'Tis the task of the poet to banish the woe,
And Eden once more to establish below.
But his visions are vain, and his fancies so dear,
Alas! they can never be realised here;
And his hopes, disappointed, for refuge are driven
To that corner reserved for his spirit in Heaven.

'Tis there he shall meet with the themes of his lay
When the angel of death bears his spirit away,
With the flowers never-fading, the evergreen groves,
And the bright star of beauty, the dear maid he loves;
Dark eyes shall beam on him in fondness and praise,
And hymns in his glory sweet voices shall raise,
And numberless joys to the bard shall be given
When he goes to that corner kept for him in Heaven!

At his advent, around him shall welcoming throng
The souls of the mighty in science and song;
With amaranth chaplets his brow they'll entwine,
And pledge him in draughts of Elysian wine;
In the feast of the bards he shall joyously share,
And the good men he sang of shall come to him there,
And the sound of his lyre shall the banquet enliven
In that corner reserved for the poets in Heaven!

B. B.

WINTER EVENING.

From the German of Anastasius Grün.

Ice-flowers, numb crystals, on the window lying,
Form now a shield which stormy night opposes;
Still, as they shed their sparkling dust, thus sighing,
"We are the spirits of the fair spring-roses!"

Snow-flakes come whirling hither, white-gleaming,
Against the casement tap in gentle showers,
And hush to me, while swiftly onward dancing,
"We are the spirits of spring's fragrant flowers!"

Emotion fills my soul, as when low swelling
Upon the ear a distant death-bell pealeth,
Sighs from my lips with mournful force compelling,
While from my eyes the heavy tear-drop stealeth.
But still they softly sing to my sad bosom,
"Blest souls of those you loved in us are calling,
With whom you wandered through the spring's bright
blossom,
Upon whose graves are now these snow-flakes falling!"

JANET W. WILKINSON.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The long-talked-of comic opera of *Don Quixote*, by a native composer, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, was produced here on Tuesday, with no small degree of success, though circumstances with which we are unacquainted have prevented its rapid repetition. This we have the more to re-

gret because we did not enable ourselves, in the first instance, to offer a particular musical critique upon the whole composition; and are, therefore, obliged to throw ourselves on the indulgence of our readers for that duty till Saturday next.

Haymarket.—On Thursday *The Old School* was produced here, in the presence of her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Cambridge; and succeeded so well as to be announced for every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the intermediate nights of Miss Cushman's tragic attractions. Farren admirably sustains the character of a French nobleman of the ancient régime, who is a refugee in England, and, in various servile capacities, including that of a dancing-master (leading to some humorous situations), makes enough of money to support his nephew, the Duke of Choiseul, in suitable circumstances. The whole is a pleasant performance, in the tone of the old dramatic school, and with some condensation will, no doubt, have a Haymarket run.

The Princess's.—On Monday, Macready performed *Richelieu* here to a house crowded throughout, and with the usual éclat. Some well-painted scenery added to the dramatic effect of his most judicious and finely-tempered personation.

Adelphi.—*Leoline*, a genuine Adelphi composition, Mrs. Yates the heroine, O'Smith the villain, and the lapse of years between the acts, has been brought out here and played nightly throughout the week. To say it possesses the usual interest, and is performed with graceful and touching feeling and effect, as the parts require these qualities, is to say all. The piece was quite successful; and the crowds familiar to this theatre continue as usual.

The Bal Masqué, on Monday, at Covent Garden, filled the house in every part with actors and spectators. It was magnificently fitted up; there were too many people barefaced, and, towards the close, evolutions which were not the worse for the mask to cover them.

Mr. Henry Russell's Concerts.—The first of these popular entertainments was given at Miss Kelly's Theatre, Dean Street, on Monday Evening; and when the curtain drew up, hardly one seat was unoccupied. Upon this occasion Mr. Russell introduced several new songs, which were quite as successful as the most favourite compositions in his preceding entertainments. Encores of them all (we think without exception) rewarded this display of talent both in preparing and executing these striking ballads.

VARIETIES.

Battersea Park and Chelsea Bridge.—The report of the Metropolitan Improvements Committee recommends to Government to impark 326 acres of Battersea-fields, with a terrace along the bank of the river, and erect an iron suspension-bridge, like that at Hammersmith, across the Thames, in the direction of a continuation of Sloane-street. The cost is estimated at about 150,000*l.*, and the returns at 6000*l.* a-year, independently of future increase, and great industrial and moral advantages to the adjacent districts.

Caricatures.—Great political turmoils offer fine occasion for the genius of H.B., to which three new caricatures, full of subject and merit, bear testimony. In one, Sir Robert Peel is drilling his cabinet as recruits; and though he calls out, "Steady there in the rear-rank," Lord Stanley is deserting, and Lord Ellenborough joining the squad. Peel's serjeant-major attitude is capital. The next is a second scene from the Christmas Pantomime, and admirably humorous. Sir Robert, as Harlequin, shows his heels as he leaps through a window inscribed "Protection, Agriculture, Corn-Laws;" all which are shivered to pieces by the feat; whilst on one side sundry dukes gaze at the trick in utter amazement; and on the other, Sir J. Graham, as clown, admires the "bounce;" and Lord J. Russell, Lord Morpeth, &c., confess that it beats them hollow. The last is "Bogie

coming," a most laughable scarecrow of Messrs. Cobden and Bright as a double mask, and wrought by Peel to terrify all the noble protectionists, and enlist the Whigs, represented as little boys frightened, on one hand, and shouting peace and plenty on the other.

Museum of Baron Denon.—The vast and splendid Museum of the late Baron Denon, so well known to every educated stranger in Paris, is announced for public sale. The Baron was a Correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* above a quarter of a century ago.

Curious Revival of Public Disgrace.—The *Constitutionnel*, Paris journal, contains a story of a house recently taken down in the Rue des Marmousets, in the foundations of which was found a prohibition against building any other up on the site. The explanation is, that this was the spot whereon stood the abode of the butcher who sold human flesh for meat; and that though some one got leave to erect a residence upon it at the time, it was upon condition (not a likely one) of depositing this posthumous memento.

Really Dead Letters.—Some workmen making repairs have found in the post-office at Amsterdam (*Galignani*) a cupboard in the wall full of letters written during the last century. They will, of course, be examined by the proper authorities; and if they disclose nothing curious or valuable, might furnish hints for something of the kind to Dutch or Flemish novelists.

Monument to Weber.—A monument to the memory of this illustrious composer, out of a fund raised by subscriptions, and the profits of public performances, &c., is about to be erected at Dresden, similar in design and magnificence to that which has been lately erected to Beethoven at Bonn.

J. Constantine Carpus, F.R.S., the well-known surgeon and lecturer on anatomy, died at his residence, in Upper Charlotte Street, yesterday week, in the 82d year of his age. His very long and very busy life was terminated by dropsy, which injuries he received by a collision on the Brighton Railroad are supposed to have accelerated. Mr. Carpus was the author of an essay on the Taliacotton operation, and of another pamphlet on operations for the stone.

No. I. of Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal is acknowledged with thanks. Its discussion of the Scottish Church Secession appears to be written with serious earnestness, as the importance of the question demands; and its other contents to be of a grave and rational character.

Part I. of the People's Journal also requires our acknowledgment. The writings of Mr. W. J. Fox, the Howitts, Eb. Elliott, and others of their way of thinking, indicate its tone and objects; and there are various other contributors to its more miscellaneous poetry and prose.

Part I. of the Torch is also on our table, and received as a fair accession to the periodical commission for scattering abroad a taste for reading and information.

City Article.—The latest returns from the stock-market shew that money is tight and morals loose.

Tattersall's is next door to Saint George's Hospital, with a perfect understanding and no party-wall between them. Break downs are treated in the most skilful and summary manner at both; and when your race is run at either, there only remains your final settlement.

Irish News.—The *Tipperary Vindicator* gives an account of a highway-attack upon Alfred Waller, Esq., who was beaten in the most dreadful manner and "left for dead" upon the road; and it concludes by ascribing the outrage to land, "as the fellows on decamping warned him" (i.e. the supposed dead man) to give up some ground which came into his possession about a year since.

Paris and Lyons Railway.—In excavating a tunnel on this line at Blaizy, Blaizy-Haut, an extensive bed of sulphate of lime has been found. The sale of the mineral will in part compensate the

company for the expense of this immense excavation.

Floods.—The island of St. Antonio, one of the Cape Verd's, has been visited by a disastrous flood, the result of fourteen days' rain. The rivers overflowed their banks, and swept every thing from the valleys into the sea, destroying lives and leaving hardly a trace of former habitations or property. The town of Alcobaça in Portugal was also completely inundated on the night of the 12th, and suffered infinite damage, the inhabitants barely escaping with their lives to the adjacent heights.

American SEA-Serpent brought to Land!—Mr. Koch has (it is asserted) discovered, 111 feet down in the earth of Alabama, the complete skeleton of a sea-serpent, 121 feet 6 inches long. The scepticism about the living sea-serpent, though so often casually seen, must now, we presume, be removed, when one of its antediluvian brethren can be produced in proof of the antiquity and reality of the family. We cannot, however, forget the hugeous elephant at the Egyptian Hall, made up from the same quarter!

Satellites must be taking new positions in the celestial as in the social system, if there could be any truth in the rumour that it was ascertained such an attendant could and did revolve round a comet!!

A great Moral Engine, from a Beckett's Almanack for the Month (of February).—There is a certain paper published once a week, whose criticisms are columns of concentrated ice. If they ever did melt in favour of anything, the little warmth they one moment evinced was sure to be swamped the next by a tremendous "but." Their method of warfare is like that of goats—they "but" authors to death. Well, the editor was boasting of his paper being a "great engine." "Egad, you may well say so," said a Young Englander who happened to be present; "it is an engine literally, for it is continually throwing cold water upon everything, with the vain endeavour of putting somebody out." The editor has since been called the Braidwood of the press. [We hope the writer does not mean the *Literary Gazette*.]

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Antonio Perer and Philip II., by M. Mignet, translated by C. Cocks, post 8vo, 2s. cloth.—History of the Past and Present State of the Labouring Population, by J. D. Tuckett, 2 vols. 8vo, 16s.—The Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London, Vol. I., 8vo, 17s. 6d. cloth.—English Grammar, Style, Rhetoric, and Poetry, by R. Hiley, 4th edit., 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Memoir of Benjamin Bradley, Esq., 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Thorpe's *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*, new edit., post 8vo, 12s.—Long Engagements, a Tale of the Afghan Rebellion, post 8vo, 7s.—Tales from Boccaccio, and other Poems, fcap., 6s.—Bagh O Bahar; Hindustani Tales, new edit., by D. Forbes, royal 8vo, 15s.—J. F. Archbold's Law of Landlord and Tenant, 12mo, 18s.—Beauties of Isaac Barrow, D.D., by B. S., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Verses for Holy Seasons, edited by W. F. Hook, D.D., fcap., 3s.—Baily's Universal Railway Guide, First half-yearly vol., fcap., 3s. 6d.—Expository Discourses on the Rod of Moses, by the Rev. B. Addison, fcap., 5s.—Chamberlain's Young Scholar's New English Dictionary, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Stranger's Guide to the Sights of London, 12mo, 2s.—Gospel Scenes, 16mo, 2s.—Ancient Coins of Cities and Princes, by J. Y. Akerman, 8vo, 18s.—Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, &c., 3 vols., post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—Xanthian Marbles, by W. W. Lloyd, 8vo, 8s.—Territory of Farney in Ulster, by E. F. Shirley, 4to, 21s.—Seven Year's Campaigning, by Sir R. D. Heneghan, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s.—Capt. White's Three Years in Constantinople, 2d edit., 3 vols., post 8vo, 24s.—Delectable History of Reynard the Fox, with Twenty-four Illustrations, square, 4s. 6d. plain, 7s. 6d. coloured.

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Feb. 7 . . .	12 14 26.7	Feb. 11 . . .	12 14 32.1
8 . . .	— 14 29.3	12 . . .	— 14 31.5
9 . . .	— 14 31.0	13 . . .	— 14 30.2
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